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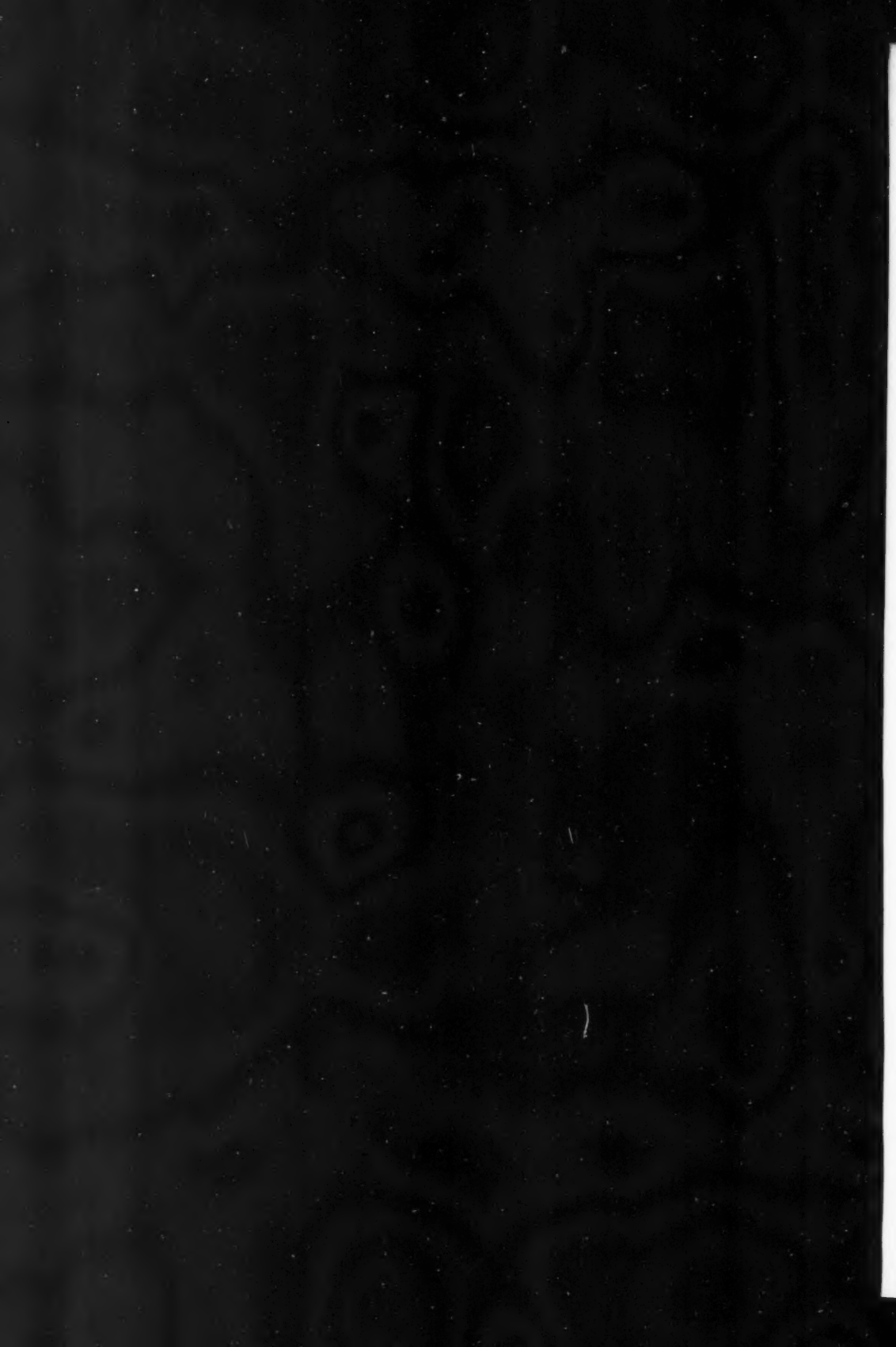
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ANY SOUL TO ANY BODY.

So we must part, my body, you and I,
 Who've spent so many pleasant years to-
 gether,
 'Tis sorry work to lose your company,
 Who clove to me so close, whate'er the
 weather,
 From winter unto winter, wet or dry;
 But you have reached the limit of your
 tether,
 And I must journey on my way alone,
 And leave you quietly beneath a stone.

They say that you are altogether bad
 (Forgive me, 'tis not my experience),
 And think me very wicked to be sad
 At leaving you, a clod, a prison, whence
 To get quite free I should be very glad.
 Perhaps I may be so some few days hence,
 But now, methinks, 'twere graceless not to
 spend
 A tear or two on my departing friend.

But you must stay, dear body, and I go,
 And I was once so very proud of you;
 You made my mother's eyes to overflow
 When first she saw you, wonderful and
 new,
 And now with all your faults, 'twere hard to
 find
 A slave more willing, or a friend more true.
 Ay, even they who say the worst about you,
 Can scarcely tell what I shall do without you.
 COSMO MONKHOUSE.

A ROBIN IN GUERNSEY.

THERE where the paths through heath and
 lichen'd stone
 To sapphire waters bend,
 Sat on a pointed rock, as on a throne,
 My sweet red-breasted friend.

A high and silent tide of lustre swept
 The valley, and scarce heard,
 Down to the shore the whispering streamlet
 crept,
 While softly sang the bird.

Last lingerer of all the warbling host,
 It sang its song to me,
 Alone, upon that charmed and tranquil coast,
 Pressed its unworldly plea.

"Do not forget," it said, "the gentle things
 Of summer sea and air
 That soothed the heart with dreaming, and
 gave wings
 To life's supine despair;

"The sky-blue channel's gleam, the balmy
 strength
 Of the foam-breathing breeze,
 The far isle lying its full purple length
 On Grecian-looking seas;

"The rippling diamonds in the bay that
 shook,
 The old house of romance,
 Whence Victor Hugo sent his lightning look
 Toward the shamed realm of France;

"The swing on sunny wave of sea-fowl fleet,
 Vistas of inland calm,
 The unfurled magnolias in the leafy street,
 Myrtles, and Guernsey palm;

"Brightness, and rest, and freedom from the
 din,
 That shine and settle here,
 Mornings of gold, do not forget these, in
 The yellow leaf and sere;

"In times that evil seem, and hard, and
 wrong,
 When the soul's lights delay,
 With hope, remember my beseeching song,
 And this divinest day."
 Spectator. JOSEPH TRUMAN.

"SILENT WORSHIP."

"SILENT worship" say not so!
 Our praise, in silence given,
 Is silent but to ears below,
 'Tis heard above in Heaven.

And who can tell the joyous tone
 Such mute thanksgivings wear,
 When angels to the Father's throne
 Our silent worship bear.

God values not that praise alone
 On organ's notes depending,
 But will our "silent incense" own
 From grateful hearts ascending.

In silence, then, we meet to pray,
 Content, till Christ, our king,
 Shall take the cords that bind away,
 And teach our tongues to sing.

Leisure Hour. R. M. (Deaf.)
 From Report (1889-90) of the Royal Association in
 aid of the Deaf and Dumb, 419 Oxford Street, London.

IN THE CLOISTERS.

IT may be she will never know
 That I have always loved her so;
 Within these cloisters cold and grey
 I think of her by night, by day,
 Wearily pacing to and fro.

If she but knew! When lights are low,
 Amid the chanting hushed and slow,
 I kneel and think of her, and say
 Her name for prayers; I cannot pray—
 God knows, but will she ever know?
 Academy. GREVILLE E. MATHESON.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
HAMPTON COURT.*

AMONG all the royal palaces of England, Hampton Court is second only to Windsor Castle in the interest which it inspires. The charm of its situation on the banks of the Thames, the beauty of its gardens, and its nearness to London, all help to make it a favorite resort of holiday-makers. But, besides these, Hampton Court has other and more serious attractions to offer. No building in England is more full of interest to the lover of art and architecture than this ancient pile, which at the present time covers eight acres of ground, and contains as many as a thousand rooms. One half is a unique and unrivalled example of domestic architecture in the Tudor period, while in the other we have a magnificent specimen of Wren's palatial style. The extraordinary variety of building and decoration we meet with there offers countless opportunities of instruction to the student who loves to examine the groined roofs and carved ceilings, the twisted chimneys and mullioned windows of Tudor work, or the pillared colonnades and classic mantelpieces of Queen Anne; while these charming incongruities of style afford endless delight to the artist who explores the nooks and crannies of its irregular courts in search of picturesque "bits" for pen or pencil.

But Hampton Court is, above all, rich in historical associations. During two hundred years after it was first built, from the day when Henry VIII. first paid his "awne good cardinal" a visit at his new home until the death of the second George, the last monarch who made his home at Hampton Court, the riverside palace was closely associated with the

history of England and her rulers. Many are the stirring scenes which these walls have witnessed, many the great memories which belong to their past.

While walking through Wolsey's courts we may recall the splendor and wealth of the mighty Cardinal; and while standing in Henry the Eighth's Chapel or his gorgeous Gothic hall, ponder on the many thrilling events enacted within the palace in the days of Tudors and Stuarts—the birth of Edward VI. and the death of Jane Seymour; the marriages of Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr; the honeymoons of Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor, and of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza; James the First's conference with the Puritans, and Cromwell's sojourn here in almost regal splendor. And while passing through William the Third's splendid suite of rooms, with their painted ceilings, carved cornices, tapestried and oak-panelled walls, we may mentally people them again with the kings and queens and statesmen and courtiers who thronged them in the last century. Moreover, by the aid of an unbroken series of historical pictures and portraits, illustrative of three centuries of English history, we may recall the past with a vividness that no books can ever excite. And then, when satiated with art and archæology, we can relax the mind by wandering beneath the shade of Queen Anne's stately avenues of chestnut and lime; strolling in the ever-delightful gardens where Wolsey paced in anxious meditation a few weeks before his fall; where Henry VIII. made love to Anne Boleyn and to Catherine Howard; along the paths where Queen Elizabeth took her daily morning walk; past the tennis-court where Charles I. played his last game on the day he escaped from the palace; beneath the bower where Queen Mary sat at needlework with her maids of honor; along the terrace to the bowling-green and pavilions, where George II. made love to Mrs. Howard and Mary Bellenden; under the lime-groves which sheltered from the sun Pope and Hervey, Swift and Addison, Walpole and Bolingbroke (p. 2).

Yet this palace, so beautiful in itself, so absorbingly rich in architectural and archæological interest, has never before found an historian. It seems surprising that, until the last few years, no author should have been tempted to approach so attractive a subject, and that the work before us should be the first history of Hampton Court that has ever been writ-

* 1. *The History of Hampton Court Palace in Tudor Times*. Illustrated with One Hundred and Thirty Autotypes, Etchings, Engravings, Maps, and Plans. By Ernest Law, B.A., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "A New Guide to Hampton Court," etc. London, 1885-87.

2. *The History of Hampton Court Palace in Stuart Times*. Illustrated with Copperplates, Etchings, Engravings, etc. By Ernest Law. London, 1888.

3. *A Historical Catalogue of the Pictures in the Royal Collection at Hampton Court, with Notes Descriptive, Biographical, and Critical*. By Ernest Law. London, 1881.

ten. But if the work has been long delayed, it has been thoroughly well done now. Mr. Law has proved himself admirably qualified for his important task. He has brought to the work all the industry and patience, the accurate habits and conscientious care necessary for a record of this kind, while long familiarity with Hampton Court itself has made the task a labor of love. In his endeavor to chronicle the story of the past, he has left no stone unturned, and has ransacked the Record Office, the British Museum, Bodleian, Ashmolean, and All Souls' Libraries. A vast amount of valuable material has thus been brought together, and, what is more, so well arranged and sifted as to form a vivid and picturesque narrative of Hampton Court and its owners from first to last. Unfortunately, only two instalments of the work are at present completed. It had been Mr. Law's original plan to finish the work in two volumes, the first dealing with Hampton Court in Tudor times, the second with the subsequent history of the palace down to the present day. But finding this to be impossible without the omission of much important matter, he has ended his second volume with the death of James II., leaving the extensive alterations made by William III. and all the subsequent history of Hampton Court to be told in a third volume.

In a work of this kind illustrations are indispensable, and Mr. Law has given us a liberal supply. His first volume, the "History of Hampton Court in Tudor Times," is enriched with as many as one hundred and thirty autotypes, etchings, and engravings, including sketches of architectural details, facsimiles from ancient drawings, and outlines of tapestry, which all help to complete the picture he gives us of bygone days. Some of the drawings, it must be confessed, especially those in the second volume, are of inferior quality, hardly worthy of the place they occupy in so valuable a work. But the reproductions of historical portraits executed by the Autotype Company are altogether admirable, and are the more highly to be prized since many of them have never been engraved before. Mr. Law

has further earned our gratitude by compiling a new catalogue of the pictures at Hampton Court, a work which supplies a want long felt, and which, if not entirely free from defects, affords in the main a useful and trustworthy guide to the motley collection contained in the galleries and state apartments generously thrown open to the public by the queen.

The Manor of Hampton has a place in "Domesday Book," where it is entered as Hamtone, in the county of Middlesex, formerly the property of the Saxon Earl Algar, but then held by Walter de St. Valery, in whose family it remained for over a hundred years. By the middle of the thirteenth century it had passed into the hands of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who at that time owned immense estates in all parts of England, and who kept a home here in charge of a brother of the order. The first mention of royalty we have in connection with the place is in 1503, when Elizabeth of York went there for a week's retreat a month before she died in childbirth, and the royal bargeman was paid for conveying "the Queene in a grate bote from Richemount to Hampton Court with 12 rowers." It is worthy of notice that, before Wolsey's time, the place was already known as Hampton Court, the word being commonly used to signify that part of the manor in which the manor-house was situated, just as in other instances we have Earl's Court, Pendle Court, Sayes Court.

On midsummer's day, 1514, Wolsey obtained a lease of the manor from the prior and knights of St. John for the term of ninety-nine years. He was then rapidly approaching the height of his greatness, being already Bishop of Lincoln and Tournay in France, Archbishop of York, and grand almoner. In the course of the following year he was appointed to four more bishoprics, those of Durham, Bath, Worcester, and Hereford, and soon afterwards raised to the still higher dignities of cardinal and lord chancellor. His health suffered from the fogs and smoke of London, and he needed a quiet resting-place where he could retire and yet be within easy reach of town. Both the

nearness to London by river and the healthiness of the spot led him to make choice of Hampton Court. A well-known legend, still repeated in the guide-books, says that for this purpose he employed the most eminent physicians in England, and even called in the aid of doctors from Padua, to select the most healthy spot within twenty miles of London, and that Hampton Court was chosen on account of its "extraordinary salubrity." Once in possession of the manor he lost no time, and set to work to build himself a country house on a scale befitting his exalted station as a prince of the Church and great minister of state. To attain this end he spared neither pains nor expense. His tastes were magnificent, his energy unbounded. No detail was too insignificant for his attention, and at the most critical moments of public affairs we find him directing the work at Hampton Court, at his other palace of Whitehall, and his college at Oxford, with the same care and minuteness. Not only the palace itself, but the laying out of the parks and gardens were all planned under his eye, and curious entries are to be found in the Record Office for the wages of gardeners, for spades, shovels, harrows, seeds, and twigs to bind the arbor "for the use of my Lordes garthinges at Hampton Courte." Both the drainage of the house and the water supply received his careful attention. The great brick sewers which he built for carrying off the drainage into the river were still in use until 1871, when the regulations of the Thames Conservancy Board made a new system necessary; and the water which he brought in leaden pipes from the springs of Coombe Hill, under the Thames and through the Home Park, was amply sufficient to supply the palace until 1876. "To these wise precautions," Mr. Law observes, "as much perhaps as to the natural salubrity of the locality, we may ascribe the immunity from any serious epidemic which Hampton Court has enjoyed during the last three hundred and seventy years, when the sweating sickness, the plague, the small-pox, and scarlet fever have been fiercely raging around" (p. 25).

There seems no doubt that at Hampton

Court Wolsey was his own architect, and the style which he used here and at Christ Church was so distinct as to be frequently called by later writers the "Wolsey architecture." The great west front of the palace, extending with its two wings four hundred feet from north to south, mutilated and altered as it has been, remains a noble specimen of the Tudor style. The grand old gate-house, of which Mr. Law gives an excellent drawing (p. 251), has been robbed of two of its stories, and the leaden cupola and crocketed pinnacles of the numerous towers are gone; but the whole building, with its gables, mullioned windows, its clusters of carved and twisted chimneys, its octagonal turrets, and parapets of perforated tracery, all built of the same deep crimson-toned bricks, is still strikingly picturesque. This seems to have been the first part of the palace that was completed when, in May, 1516, Henry VIII. and his wife, Katherine of Arragon came to dine with the cardinal at Hampton Court. Many were the similar entertainments which the king honored with his presence, pleasant little suppers, where he threw off the restraint of royalty, and, in the company of his good cardinal and a few chosen friends, sang to the music of the lute or took part in dance and masquerade.

And when it pleases the King's majesty [says Cavendish] for his recreation to repair unto the Cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, there wanted no preparation or goodly furniture with viands of the finest sort that could be gotten for money or friendship. Such pleasures were there devised for the King's comfort and consolation as might be invented or imagined. Banquets were set forth, masques and mummeries in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or dameselles, meet or apt, to dance with the masquers, or to garnish the place for that time with other goodly disports. There was there all kinds of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices, both of men and children (p. 31).

And he goes on to describe how the king arrived one evening with a dozen companions masked and disguised as shepherds, with drums and torchbearers,

and startled the cardinal with the noise of guns as he sat at a solemn banquet, and how Wolsey entertained them as strangers, and mistook one of the gentlemen of the court for the king, on which Henry "could not forbear laughing, then pulled down his visor and dashed out such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all the noble estates there assembled perceiving the king among them rejoiced very much." Often, too, the king would come for a day or two's stag-hunting with the cardinal, who himself occasionally indulged in this sport, and might be seen walking with him arm-in-arm in the garden at Hampton Court, or else with his arm thrown carelessly round his favorite's shoulder. But the cares of state, and the zeal and devotion with which Wolsey discharged his legal duties as lord-chancellor, left him little leisure, and even when he retired to Hampton Court to escape from business and recruit his feeble health, the greater part of the day was spent in reading and writing despatches to the king and his agents abroad. Whenever he had time to spare he took delight in walking in the gardens, or, in bad weather, in the galleries of his palace; and towards evening, Cavendish tells us, it was his habit to say his evensong sitting in his favorite arbor or pacing the garden-walks. "For what business soever he had in the day, he never went to his bed with any part of his divine service unsaid, yea not so much as a single collect."

After his return from the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520, Wolsey paid longer visits to Hampton Court, which by this time had probably assumed the form in which he left it. The exact limits of the original palace are not easy to define, but taking William the Third's demolitions as well as Henry the Eighth's additions, Mr. Law computes that the whole extent cannot have been much smaller than that of the present one. The west front, already described, and the Base Court, the largest courtyard in the palace, with its great clock tower, eighty feet high, its picturesque turrets and windows, was entirely the cardinal's work. So, too, was the inner or Clock Court, which we enter by the archway under the clock tower. This indeed was the principal part of his palace, and contained the suite of rooms which he occupied himself. The alterations effected, first by Henry VIII., who rebuilt the hall on a larger scale, and then by Sir Christopher Wren and George II., have completely altered the appearance of this inner court; but behind Wren's colon-

nade Wolsey's apartments may still be seen. Some of these still retain traces of the original decorations—the oak panelings and elaborately fretted ceilings, painted blue and gold, described by Cavendish—while in one small room on the carved frieze running round the walls we still read the great cardinal's motto, "Domine michi adjutor."

Many Italian artists were employed in the ornamental work of the building, and the ten terra-cotta medallions of the Cæsars which adorn the gateways were executed for Wolsey by the Florentine sculptor Giovanni da Maiano, whose letter of June 18, 1521, asking for payment for his round terra-cotta images at "Anton' Cort" is still preserved in the Record Office. The same artist probably carved the fine terra-cotta *plaque* bearing the cardinal's arms, supported by cherubs and surmounted by a cardinal's hat and the monogram "T. W.," with the date 1525, which still hangs on the inner side of the gateway under the clock tower.

Within, the palace was decorated and furnished with the same lavish splendor. French and Venetian ambassadors, who came to Hampton Court to pay their respects to the great minister, dwell with wonder on a magnificence which far outdid that of any foreign court they had ever seen. They become eloquent over the sumptuous hangings of gold and silver, the silk-embroidered beds, painted and gilt bedsteads, the piles of gold and silver plate on the sideboards, the costly Damascus carpets sent from Venice, which dazzled their eyes as they passed down the long suite of rooms to the cardinal's audience chamber. The tapestries with which the walls were hung above all excited their admiration in the highest degree. For tapestry, indeed, Wolsey seems to have had, as Mr. Law says, a perfect passion. At one time he employed Sir Richard Gresham to measure eighteen rooms for arras hangings; and in December, 1522, he bought twenty-one complete sets, consisting of one hundred and thirty-two pieces, all of scriptural subjects, to adorn the rooms of the great central gatehouse. Three pieces representing Petrarch's triumphs are still at Hampton Court, and three others of the same series, which formerly belonged to Wolsey, were bought a few years ago for 2,500*l.* by the South Kensington Museum. They all belong to the best period of Flemish art, and have never been surpassed in beauty of color and delicacy of workmanship.

The sight of all this splendor could not

fail to awaken envy and jealousy in other breasts. The people murmured when they saw the feastings and banqueting at the cardinal's house, and watched him ride out on his mule adorned with crimson velvet trappings, and attended by a crowd of servants in crimson velvet liveries hung with gold chains, on horseback, or else embark on his magnificent state barge to row to Whitehall. Then his enemies began to indulge their rancor, and Skelton wrote his bitter lines :—

Why come ye nat to Court?
To whyche Court?
To the Kynges Courte,
Or to Hampton Court?
Nay to the Kynges Court:
But Hampton Court
Hath the preemynence.

And another satirist asks, "Hath the Cardinall any gay mansion?" and receives the following reply :—

Great palaces without compareson;
Most glorious of outward sight,
And within decked poynt de vice
More lyke unto a paradise
Than any earthy habitation.

"He is omnipotent," wrote Erasmus to Cardinal Grimani. "He is seven times greater than the pope himself," said the Venetian ambassador, Giustiniani. "In fact he is *ipse rex*, and no one in this realm dare attempt aught in opposition to his interests." No wonder the king's irascible temper became aroused, and he asked his favorite one day why he had built himself so splendid a palace. Wolsey's adroit reply has become historic: "To show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign." Whether literally true or not, there is no doubt that Hampton Court, with all its furniture, tapestries, and plate, was surrendered to the king as early as June, 1525. Even before that—as early, indeed, as 1521—Mr. Law points out, it is curious to notice that Wolsey, in writing to the king, dated his letters, "From your manor," or "At your grace's manor of Hampton Court;" while in all letters not addressed to Henry he wrote, even as late as 1528, "From *my* manor of Hampton Court." But at whatever date the actual surrender was made, there is no doubt that Wolsey continued to reside at the palace until his *d'* grace. Here he spent the summer of 1526, and here in October, 1527, he gave his memorable banquet to the French ambassador who had been sent over in great state to invest Henry VIII. with the order of St. Michael. They went on from London to be the

guests of the cardinal at Hampton Court, where, in the words of Du Bellay, they were "*festoyé de tous les festimens qui se pouraient souhaiter*," and gratified Wolsey by the "glorious report" which they made to their own countrymen of the triumphant cheer provided for them.

That was the great cardinal's last entertainment. The next year came the terrible visitation of the sweating sickness, and Wolsey was forced to take refuge with very few attendants at Hampton Court, where for some time he led a quiet and secluded life. During that summer the king wrote him several affectionate letters, sending him some pills, which he had had made up for him, and begging him "to keep out of the air, to only have a small and clean company about, not to eat too much supper or drink too much wine, but be of good comfort, put apart fear and fantasies, and make as merry as he could in such a season contagious." In July, 1529, Wolsey left Hampton Court for the last time. A few weeks later he was disgraced and stripped of all his wealth and dignities, and forced to retire to Esher, while the king took possession of Hampton Court. He brought with him Anne Boleyn, the chief instrument of the cardinal's fall, and installed her in a splendid suite of rooms there, until he was able to make her his queen. He supped constantly in her chamber, and spent much of his time in riding and walking in the gardens with her, and in teaching her to shoot with bow and arrows. The king was himself shooting in the park when, in November, 1530, Cavendish brought him the news of the cardinal's death, and he so far relented towards his old favorite as to be heard to utter a wish "that liever than 20,000*l.* he had lived."

From this time Hampton Court became Henry's favorite palace. Here he could indulge his taste for outdoor sports to the full. His first idea was to stock the park with game; he reared pheasants and partridges, made a large rabbit warren in Bushey Park, angled for fish in the river, and went out shooting and hawking. Tennis was another amusement in which he excelled. "It is the prettiest thing in the world," wrote the Venetian ambassador, "to see him play at the game." One of his first additions to the palace was a tennis-court and bowling alley, and soon afterwards he enclosed a tilt-yard, where jousts and tournaments were held, in which he himself frequently took part, and, according to Giustiniani, distinguished himself by "supernatural feats, changing his

horses and making them fly rather than leap, to the delight and ecstasy of everybody." At the same time he built new kitchens and offices for his numerous household, and added new galleries, decorated with carved and gilded ceilings, and hung with tapestry, to the king's lodgings, as Wolsey's apartments were now called. The royal arms now everywhere took the place of Wolsey's armorial bearings, and the crown, rose, fleur-de-lys, and portcullis were carved on every pinnacle and battlement, over every arch and gateway. But Henry VIII.'s most important work at Hampton Court was the building of the Great Hall on the north side of the Clock Court. Before Wolsey had breathed his last, workmen were already engaged in pulling the roof off the old hall, and during the next three years hundreds of artificers were busy in building and decorating the new hall on a scale of royal splendor. Thousands of bricks were brought by the river from Taplow and other places, stones were hewn in the quarries of Reigate, and brought from Caen by ship to St. Katharine's wharf and up the Thames in barges, and enormous quantities of oak came from Dorking, Leatherhead, and the surrounding country. The resemblance between this noble hall and Cardinal Wolsey's own at Christ Church strikes every visitor, and it is worthy of notice that a certain Eustace Mascall was chief clerk of the works both to Wolsey at Oxford and to the king at Hampton Court, although Mr. Henry Williams, priest, is named as surveyor of the works at the palace, and may have been the true architect of the Great Hall. Mr. Law speaks of the two halls as being almost exact counterparts, but neglects to point out the remarkable difference between the purely Gothic work at Christ Church and the Renaissance influences which are so marked an element in the exquisite ornamental details of the roof at Hampton Court. The sixteen pendants of the hammer-beams, for instance, here are distinctly Italian in character, although as a matter of fact they were the work of an English workman, one Richard Rydge, of London, who carved them all, and was paid the sum of 3*s.* 4*d.* for each one. The Great Hall at Hampton Court remains, in fact, in spite of ill-judged restorations, a magnificent specimen of transitional art, and of the meeting styles of the Tudor period.

While the new hall was still building the king's marriage to Anne Boleyn, and the new queen's coronation in Westmin-

ster Abbey, took place, and in July, 1533, the royal pair came to spend their honeymoon at Hampton Court. A series of splendid festivities followed, and an entirely new suite of rooms was built for Anne Boleyn's residence. But she never lived to occupy them. In January, 1536, the unhappy queen surprised Henry VIII. in the act of paying court to her own maid of honor, Jane Seymour, and four months afterwards, on the very anniversary of the day when she had made her triumphal entry into London, she was beheaded on Tower Green. The next day Henry married Jane Seymour. The rooms destined for Anne Boleyn's use were completed for her rival, and the falcon, which was her badge, and the A. and H. linked with the true lovers' knot, which still figure on the beautiful groined roof of the clock tower gateway, were obliterated to make room for the new queen's device.

At Hampton Court, a year afterwards, Edward VI. was born, and Jane Seymour died. The chapel originally built by Wolsey was re-decorated and adorned with stained glass and carved stalls for the little prince's christening. Unfortunately this once interesting example of mingled Gothic and Renaissance styles has been too much defaced by Puritan destroyers, and altered by subsequent kings, to preserve its original character, and we can only form a faint idea of its ancient beauty.

The work of enlarging and adorning the palace still continued during the next few years. The sumptuously decorated room at the end of the king's Long Gallery, called Paradise, which excited the wonder of all foreign visitors during the next four reigns, was built and furnished at this time, and the parks and gardens were further improved. Here, in 1540, Ann of Cleves awaited the final decree which annulled her marriage, and Katharine Howard spent the brief days of her honeymoon. Here, too, as the king heard mass in the chapel one autumn morning, Cranmer slipped the paper into his hand which accused the poor queen of the crimes for which she lost her head. During Henry's last years he spent more and more of his time at Hampton Court, and in winter would play tennis and bowls, or pace the long galleries and accompany the songs of his jester, Will Somers, on the lute, until increasing infirmities made his life a burden to himself and a curse to all who came near him.

Edward VI. spent much of his childhood at Hampton Court, and on one occa-

sion, during the troublous times of his uncle the Protector Somerset's rule, the palace was fortified, and preparations were made for sustaining a siege. His sister Mary came there after her marriage with Philip II. of Spain to spend a dreary honeymoon with that Spanish exclusiveness and rigid etiquette which was so distasteful to the English character, and which made people complain that "the hall door within the court was shut and no one allowed to enter unless his errand were first known" (p. 262). The Spanish gentlemen of Philip's suite, on their part, were not more impressed by the manners and dress of the English heretics, and in their letters home described the queen as "ugly, small, lean, with a pink and white complexion, no eyebrows, very pious, and very badly dressed." Here Elizabeth was kept in confinement in rooms known as the Water Gallery, and had the famous interviews with Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and with Mary, when she was cross-examined as to her belief and attended mass in the chapel. During her own reign she was at Hampton Court frequently, and was as fond of the place as her father had been. The only buildings which she added were the stables adjoining those of Wolsey on the Green, and which still bear the letters E. R. and the date 1570 on the leaden water-spouts. They were probably, as Mr. Law suggests, built to accommodate the coaches then lately introduced into England and used by the queen when she travelled on her progresses. But she bestowed great care and pains on the gardens, which became famous in her days for the "sundry towers and bowers" they contained, and for the rosemary which excited the Duke of Württemberg's admiration, and which he says is "so planted as to cover the walls entirely, and other plants trained, intertwined, and trimmed in so wonderful a manner and such extraordinary shapes that the like could not easily be found" (p. 328). Every morning Elizabeth took a brisk walk in the gardens, especially on frosty days we are told, "to catch her a heate in the colde mornings," though "when the public eye was on her she, who was the very image of majesty and magnificence, went slowly and marched with leisure and with a certain grandity rather than gravity." Often, too, she rode out with her ladies and shot the deer with her own bow, and took luncheon in a shady wood near the river, attended by a company of archers in Lincoln green and a large retinue of gentlemen in russet

damask and blue embroidered satin, tasselled and spangled with silver. She inherited her father's taste for splendid festivities, and entered as joyously as he had done into the national sports and pastimes. Never was Christmas kept with greater feasting and rejoicings at Hampton Court than in the reign of good Queen Bess. Tilting and tennis matches, shooting and hunting parties, were the order of the day; banquets, masques and balls were held in the Great Hall at night, and the queen herself might be seen dancing before the ambassadors and court. The royal minstrels, as many as a hundred in number, were always in attendance, and in her own chapel Elizabeth always insisted that the music should be of the best, and issued orders that "apt and sweet children were to be sought out and trained in the art of singers." She prided herself on her knowledge of music and played "very handsomely on the lute and virginals." During service, it is said, she would often send the verger to tell Dr. Tye, her organist, that he was playing out of tune; upon which, being "a peevish and humoursome man," he would send the queen back word that "her ears were out of tune." This love of music never left her, and Hawkins in his "History of Music" tells us that on her deathbed she sent for her minstrels into her chamber and died hearing them.

With the death of Queen Elizabeth the record of Hampton Court in Tudor times ends. The second volume, which gives the history of Hampton Court in Stuart times, is hardly equal in point of interest, it must be confessed, to the earlier one. The building of the palace belongs either to Tudor days or else to a subsequent age, and this part of Mr. Law's narrative accordingly deals rather with contemporary history than with the place itself. But during this period Hampton Court was the scene of many memorable events which Mr. Law has recorded in a graphic manner, which makes this part of his work very pleasant reading. He devotes a whole chapter to the grand masque of the Twelve Goddesses given in the Great Hall one Sunday during the Christmas festivities held after James the First's accession. Both Anne of Denmark and the young Prince of Wales took a part in the pageant, which, as the first royal dramatic representation ever seen in England, naturally excited great attention at the time. This was only one of many brilliant spectacles afterwards held in the Great Hall—masques for which Ben

Jonson wrote the libretto, Inigo Jones designed the scenery, and such illustrious persons as Bacon and Selden arranged the dances and marches on the stage. That same Christmas "the King's own Company of Comedians," lately incorporated by royal warrant, came to perform at Hampton Court, and among them, there can be little doubt, Shakespeare himself, whose name appears second on the roll of actors.

Then the scene shifts, and a few days later we see James presiding over the famous conference of bishops and Puritan divines which took place at Hampton Court in January, 1604. The proceedings of that conference were too large and momentous to be dwelt upon here; but a letter written by the king a few days afterwards to a friend in Scotland is amusing as giving his own estimate of the results achieved:—

We have kept [he says] such a revel with the Puritans here this two days, as was never heard the like: quhaire I have peppered thaim as soundlie as yee have done the Papists thaire. It were no reason, that those that will refuse an airy sign of the cross after baptism should have their purses stuffed with any more solid and substantial crosses. They fled me so from argument to argument, without ever answering me directly, *ut est eorum moris*, as I was forced at last to say unto thaim, that if any of thaim had been in a college disputing with thair scholars, if any of their disciples had answered thaim in that sort, they would have fetched him up in place of a reply; and so should the rod have plyed upon the poor boyes buttocks! I have such a book of thaires as may well convert infidels, but it shall never convert me, except by turning me more earnestly against thayme (p. 45).

Shakespeare acting Hamlet and the Moor of Venice before a royal Dane in the person of the queen's brother, Christian, king of Denmark; Bishop Andrewes preaching in the chapel to the Presbyterian divines newly arrived from Scotland; Anne of Denmark going forth to shoot the deer clad in her suit of Lincoln green, "the queen and huntress chaste and fair," of Ben Jonson's verse; Charles I. and Henrietta Maria in the early days of their married life wrangling over the arrangements of the French queen's household, and the king telling his favorite Steenie that he is resolved to put away all the "malicious mousers" who have followed his wife from France—these are but a few among the varied incidents we find in these pages.

But Hampton Court was soon to be the scene of sadder and graver scenes, and the

great struggle of the Civil Wars was to leave lasting marks on this palace of the Tudor kings. Here, on June 12, 1636, Strafford kissed hands on his appointment as lord deputy of Ireland; here, in December, 1641, the Grand Remonstrance was presented to the king; here, too, a year later, he fled from Whitehall with his wife and family in so precipitate a manner that no preparations could be made to receive them, and the king and queen and their three eldest children had to sleep in one room. Five years later he was brought to his own palace, a prisoner in the hands of his enemies. Then Cromwell held those long conferences with him, pacing up and down the halls and galleries of Wolsey's palace, and the king received him and his wife one day at dinner. Then, too, Evelyn, that loyal soul, came down from town and had the honor to kiss his Majesty's hands, "he being in the power of those execrable villains, who not long after murdered him." But dark rumors of plots against the king's life were abroad, and one stormy night in November Charles made his escape, and, accompanied only by Colonel Legge, crossed the river to the Surrey side, and rode to Oatlands and thence to the Isle of Wight. After that he never saw Hampton Court again.

The Parliamentarians, as we all know, worked havoc at Hampton Court. When, in 1645, they took possession of the old Tudor palace, the chapel was stripped of all its ornaments, the altar was taken down and the oak altar rails adorned with golden sunflowers and the monogram of Charles I. were removed. A man was hired at half-a-crown a day to break the beautiful stained glass in the windows, and the picture of Christ on the Cross, which hung immediately over the altar, was demolished as a popish thing. Immediately after the king's execution, a bill decreeing the sale of Hampton Court with all its parks, gardens, and furniture, was passed, and although the sale of the actual palace was delayed, out of regard to Cromwell's wishes, a careful inventory was taken of all its contents in October, 1649. The sale, which began that winter and lasted nearly three years, was one of the most gigantic ever held in England. Then the splendid furniture of Wolsey, the priceless tapestries which he and Henry VIII. had collected, and a thousand objects of rare value and antiquity, were all sold to the highest bidder. Worse than all, the magnificent collection of pictures formed by Charles I., including as it did the gems of the Mantuan gallery

and some of the finest Titians and Velasquez in the world, was dispersed and scattered to the four winds. Fortunately in that evil hour Cromwell interfered to save some of the choicest treasures of Hampton Court. The "Triumphs" of Mantegna which had been valued at 1,000*l.*, were reserved for his Highness's use, and placed by him in the Long Gallery close to his own private rooms. So, too, were the cartoons of Raphael which had been valued at only 300*l.*, and many of the finest tapestries which still adorn the Great Hall. For tapestry, indeed, he seems to have had a special liking, and, strange as it seems, we read that his own bedroom was hung with five pieces of fine tapestry hangings of Vulcan and Venus.

As soon as Cromwell became lord protector he fixed his residence at Hampton Court, and the parks and fee of the manor which had been already sold were soon afterwards redeemed. One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Law's second volume is that which describes Cromwell's private life at Hampton Court during the next few years. The quiet and freedom of the country suited his tastes, and, although royalist wits scoffed at the homely ways of himself and his family, he could, when occasion offered, entertain ambassadors and give banquets which were distinguished by much of the splendid ceremonial of former days. At times, too, he would relax his usual severity and make merry with his officers, smoking tobacco and making verses when he dined with them once a week, and even "showing them a hundred antic tricks, as throwing of cushions and putting live coals into their pockets and boots!" On one occasion—at the marriage of his daughter Frances to Mr. Rich—he is said to have amused himself "throwing about the sack posset amongst all the ladies to spoil their clothes, which they took as a favor, and daubed all the stools where they were to sit with wet sweetmeats." But he had other and more refined tastes.

Cromwell [continues our historian] was besides very fond of music, often entertaining those who were proficient in it, and patronizing John Hingston, a scholar of Orlando Gibbons, by appointing him organist and music-master to his daughters. During his banquets at the Palace he usually had music played, and after dinner, when the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, there was instrumental music and singing, Cromwell himself sometimes intoning a psalm for the company. He took besides, like his secretary Milton, great delight in the organ, and had two very fine ones put up in the

Great Hall, the larger of the two being a gift from his friend, Dr. Goodwin, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who took upon himself to remove it from the college and present it to the Protector. It is pleasant to picture to oneself the scene in the hall at Hampton Court at this time, when Milton would seat himself at the organ, under the "high-embowed roof," with the

Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light,

and make "the pealing organ blow," while Cromwell and his family and attendants sat listening enraptured at the reverberations of the solemn music (p. 183).

As years rolled by, and cares and sorrows darkened his public and private life, Cromwell became still more attached to Hampton Court, and liked to collect all his children round him there. The death of his favorite child, Elizabeth Claypole, which happened there in August, 1658, was a blow from which he never recovered. He fell ill himself a week afterwards, and it was then that while laid up in his bedchamber he one day called for his Bible and asked that the following verses from the fourth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians should be read to him: "I have learnt in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased and how to abound, everywhere and in all things I am instructed, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me."

"This Scripture," Cromwell remarked, "did once save my life, when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." Then he repeated the words again: "'Tis true, Paul," he said, "you have learnt this and attained to this measure of grace; but what shall I do? Ah! poor creature, it is a hard lesson for me to take out. I find it so." And then, reading on further to the thirteenth verse, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me," he seemed to take comfort in the thought, and said to himself, "He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ, too." After that he recovered sufficiently to ride and walk in the palace gardens; but the fever soon returned, and, when by advice of the physicians he moved to Whitehall for change of air, he only lingered a few days, and died on September 2, the eve of the anniversary of his victories at Worcester and Dunbar.

After Cromwell's death the sale of Hampton Court was once more decreed by Parliament to pay the Protector's debts, but again stopped, this time by Ludlow,

as injurious to the interests of the Commonwealth. Six months later Parliament proposed to settle the palace on Monk, and when this was rejected he was appointed keeper and steward of Hampton Court for life, an appointment which Charles II. confirmed on his restoration. One of the newly restored monarch's first acts was to refurnish and decorate the rooms at Hampton Court. Many of the pictures and tapestries which had been sold under the Commonwealth were recovered and sent back, and some parts of the building were repaired and improved. The tennis court especially was remodelled on the pattern of those in Paris, and extensive improvements were made in the gardens. French gardeners were sent for to lay out the grounds, the great canal was dug, and the noble avenues in the east part of the palace were planted, as were also the dwarf yew-trees which were long famous as the finest in England: "The sweet rows of lime-trees" planted along the land and the cradle walk of wych-elm, now called Queen Mary's bower, attracted Evelyn's attention as being "for the perplexed twining of the trees very observable," and the fountains with their "sirens, statues, and *jets d'eau*," after the Italian style, throwing up water in various playful and fanciful ways," delighted the eyes of another distinguished visitor, Cosmo III., grand duke of Tuscany, who visited England in 1669. Evelyn also saw at Hampton Court the beautiful gondola presented to the king by the republic of Venice floating on the Thames, rowed by Venetian gondoliers, "but not comparable for swiftness to our common wherries," and was a spectator of the king and queen's state entry into London by water on August 23, 1662, a pageant which he describes as the most magnificent triumph that ever floated on the Thames from Hampton Court to Whitehall, and, in his opinion, "far exceeding all the Venetian Bucentaurs on the Ascension when they go to espouse the Adriatic." The summer following the king's marriage with Katharine of Braganza was spent at Hampton Court, which now became the scene of all those quarrels and intrigues, of the insults heaped on the poor queen and the jealousies of rival mistresses, which are described in the pages of De Grammont and Clarendon. But after that time the gay monarch preferred his other palaces, Whitehall and Newmarket, and was never at Hampton Court for more than a few days at a time. James II. never slept there as

king, although he was often in the neighborhood, and it was on Hounslow Heath that the army with which he hoped to crush the liberties of England was encamped during the year 1687.

Here Mr. Law's work for the present ends; but we shall look for his third volume with the utmost interest. For with the accession of William III. a new era begins in the history of Hampton Court. The Dutch king, born and bred in the flat scenery of his own land, had a special affection for the riverside palace, and Mary was equally fond of the place, and lived here almost entirely during the king's long absences in Ireland or Holland. His reign witnessed the transformation of the palace by Sir Christopher Wren, who pulled down the east front and built a new suite of state rooms, with a grand staircase leading up to them. Wren, it was, also, who designed the beautiful Ionic colonnade leading to these apartments from the Clock Court, originally called the Communication Gallery, but now generally known as the Mantegna Gallery, from the series of "Triumphs" by this painter which hang there. Another gallery was designed by Wren at the same time, to hold the cartoons of Raphael, which, first rescued by Charles I. from the Arras manufactory, where they had lain forgotten for more than a century, were brought to Hampton Court by William III. and remained there until their removal to South Kensington. Grinling Gibbons was employed to decorate the new palace, and adorned doors and mantelpieces, windows and panelling, with those wonderful festoons of flowers and fruit, "than which," wrote Evelyn, "there is nothing in nature so tender and delicate and yet so strong." The ceilings and walls of the grand staircase were painted by Verrio, who long refused to serve William III., and when he consented to execute this apotheosis of the Dutch king, "painted it as ill," remarked Horace Walpole, "as if he had spoiled it on principle." but the wrought iron work of the staircase and of many of the balconies in the palace is some of the finest of the kind in England, while the blue and white bowls and jars of Delft ware and old-fashioned teapots, adorned with William and Mary's cipher and the royal arms, are of rare value and interest. The same artists were employed to decorate Queen Mary's rooms in the ancient part of the palace, known as the Water Gallery, on the edge of the river, which was pulled down after her death.

The decoration of her rooms [says Mr. Law in his description of the State apartments] was superintended by Sir Christopher Wren. It included ceilings painted by Verrio; richly carved doorways and cornices with delicate festoons of fruits and flowers in lime-wood, by Grinling Gibbons; oak dados, hangings of fine needlework, and corner fire-places, with diminishing shelves above, on which were ranged her most valued specimens of blue china. Here she spent most of her time, surrounded by those beautiful maids of honor whose features she made Kneller transmit to us, sometimes plying her needle on the fragile balcony of beautiful wrought iron which overhung the then uncockneyfied Thames, and watching the barges sail to and fro; sometimes superintending the laying out of the new gardens; and sometimes sitting at work beneath the shade of the curious intertwined trees still known by the name of Queen Mary's Bower. . . . Artistic needlework indeed seems to have been the chief occupation by which Mary beguiled the weary hours of her husband's long absences, varied with the interest of her choice collection of exotics and her orange-trees and her curious specimens of china, which are seen in every room (p. 78).

It was at Hampton Court that William III. was killed by a fall from his favorite horse, Sorrel, which stumbled over a mole-hill as he was riding in the park, and the Jacobites long toasted the mole who had occasioned the usurper's death. Queen Anne, whose short-lived son, the Duke of Gloucester, was born at Hampton Court in 1689, often came there during her reign, and Pope has immortalized her visits to the place in the well-known lines at the opening of the third canto of his "Rape of the Lock":—

Close by these meads, forever crowned with
flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes
its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms
obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and some-
times tea.

The two first kings of the house of Brunswick were still more attached to Hampton Court, and spent most of their time there, preferring it to Windsor, which at one time suffered considerably from its owners' neglect. Many of the state rooms built by Wren were finished and decorated in the time of the Georges, and here, in October, 1731, George II. and Queen Caroline gave a grand banquet to Francis,

Duke of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa, and afterwards emperor of Germany. This was the last royal entertainment held in the Great Hall. George III. disliked Hampton Court—it is said because his grandfather, George II., had once struck him a blow in these rooms—and after his accession the court was never again at the palace which had been so great a favorite with his ancestors. Now one portion of Hampton Court is exclusively used as a residence for pensioners on the queen's bounty, and the State Apartments, Great Hall, Chapel, and gardens are freely opened to the public on every day of the week except Friday.

One of the chief attractions at Hampton Court are the pictures, to which Mr. Law, as we have said before, devotes a separate volume. He gives the history of the collection in an introductory chapter, full of interesting information, and tells us, as far as possible, the names of the painters employed in the palace from the days of Wolsey to those of George III. At that time the pictures, some two hundred in number, were much in the same state in which they had been left by William III. Unfortunately, in the reign of William IV. a large quantity of pictures, most of them very bad ones, were sent to Hampton Court from the other royal palaces, and as many as a thousand paintings of every school and date were hung indiscriminately together on the walls of the state rooms. Since then some attempt has been made at a more systematic arrangement, but the hanging still leaves much to be desired, and the visitor is forced to search among a great deal of rubbish for the gems which are still to be found here and there. First of all there are the nine canvases representing the triumphal procession of Julius Cæsar on his way to the Capitol after the conquest of Gaul, painted by Andrea Mantegna in 1492, a series of unique interest and beauty, which, in spite of the irreparable damage it has suffered, would of itself form the glory of any collection. Originally intended as a decorative frieze for a hall in the Duke of Mantua's palace of San Sebastiano, the "Triumphs" were secured by Charles I. by the courage and energy of his agent, Daniel Nys, who had already purchased the chief portion of the Mantuan collection. "The best informed persons," he wrote home to Lord Dorchester, "told me that I had left the most beautiful behind, and that not having the 'Triumph of Julius Cæsar' I had nothing at all." Stung by the reproach he returned to the

charge, and without waiting for the king's orders, took the risk upon himself and agreed to pay 10,000*l.* for the remainder of the collection, which included Mantegna's "Triumphs"—"a thing," as he wrote home, "rare and unique and its value beyond estimation." After much delay and haggling over the payment of the money the precious canvases were sent to England, and on their arrival placed at Hampton Court, to be rescued by Cromwell in the sale of Charles the First's pictures. They were hung by William III. in the queen's gallery, from which George I. removed them to make room for Le Brun's tapestries, and were finally hung about fifty years ago in Wren's gallery, where they now remain.

Next in value and interest to these are the four noble Holbeins recently seen at the Tudor exhibition, where two of them could be compared with the original drawings of the same subjects in the Windsor collection. One of these is the portrait of John Reskeymeer, a Cornish gentleman of Wolsey's household, given to Charles I. by Sir Robert Killigrew; the other, that of Lady Vaux, the wife of Lord Vaux the poet, holding a gilly-flower in her hand, belonged to the Duke of Buckingham, and formed part of the pictures given to Charles II., on his restoration, by the States of Holland. This valuable collection had belonged to a Dutchman, Van Reynst, who had bought many of Charles the First's pictures at the great sale, and generally goes by the name of the Dutch gift. The two other portraits, representing Erasmus and his friend the printer, Frobenius, were painted by Holbein before he came to England, and bought at Bâle in 1625, by the Duke of Buckingham, who presented them to Charles I. They originally formed a diptych, but were divided and sold separately at the dispersion of the Hampton Court pictures. They were fortunately recovered at the Restoration, and are admirable examples of the great portrait painter's art. That of Erasmus especially, in spite of the varnish which mars the surface, is a delightful image of the famous scholar with his keen eyes and the gentle sense of humor playing about his lips. Most of the Italian pictures now at Hampton Court came from Mantua and were distributed in Charles the First's collection, under the high-sounding names of Raphael, Giorgione, and Titian. Modern criticism has restored them for the most part to their true authors, chiefly masters of the Venetian or Bergamo and Ferrara schools. Among

these are a charming "Holy Family," rightly attributed to "old Palma" in Charles the First's catalogue; a magnificent portrait of Andrea Odoni, the distinguished Venetian collector and art-lover, by Lorenzo Lotto; and a fine "Baptism of our Lord," by Francia, which was only discovered some fifty years ago in the packing-case in which it had probably come from Mantua.

But when we are at Hampton Court the chief interest seems to centre in the historical portraits of illustrious personages connected with the place. Many of these are admirably reproduced in Mr. Law's volumes, and add no little charm to the pages of his work. First of all we have the Tudor king, whose presence still reigns supreme in these halls, and who, next to the great cardinal, made Hampton Court what it is—Henry the Eighth, in slashed and jewelled doublet and white feather in his hat, holding the scroll in his hand with the text: "*Ite in mundum universum et predicate Evangelium omni creature.*" This fine portrait was painted by some follower of Holbein in 1536, the year in which the king ordered a copy of Miles Coverdale's English version of the Bible to be laid in the choir of every church. In another picture we see him and Jane Seymour, and again with his last wife, Katherine Parr, and his three children, in Gwillim Strete's noble group recently exhibited at the New Gallery. We have old contemporary pictures, too, of the Battle of the Spurs and the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and portraits of his wives and courtiers, among them a fine full-length figure of Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, whose sweet strains of his lady Geraldine once rang through these halls.

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine.

Of Elizabeth we have many portraits, in spite of her decree that none should take her portrait except "a special cunning paynter." Perhaps that favored mortal was Zuccherro, whose picture of her in a fantastic dress embroidered over with birds and flowers, hanging a garland round a stag's neck, is one of those quaint allegorical fancies which suited her romantic ideas. Gerrard's portrait, said to be the last one ever taken of the Virgin Queen, is here, too, and agrees with Hentzer's description of her at the age of sixty-five, as "very majestic, her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled, her eyes small, yet black and pleasant, her nose a little hooked, her lips thin, and her teeth black." Formerly

one of the greatest treasures at Hampton Court was the beautiful portrait of Elizabeth's rival, Mary Queen of Scots, painted by the hand of Clouet, and known as "*Le Deuil blanc*," from the white veil-robe she wears as mourning for her husband, the king of France. "*Ce grand deuil blanc, avec lequel il la faisait très beau voir, car la blancheur de son visage contondait avec la blancheur de son voile*" (Brantôme). Mr. Law includes this picture, which had been at Hampton Court from the days of Charles I., in his catalogue; but since his book appeared, the precious little work has been removed to Windsor, and Clouet's portrait of Mary's young husband, Francis I., is the only one by his hand that now remains at Hampton Court.

The Stuart kings and queens of England are all here. We have Van Somer's portrait of James I., with the big rolling eyes which used to disconcert strangers who were introduced into his presence; and others of his queen, Anne of Denmark, in quaint green velvet dress and high red felt hat; and of his young son Henry in all the bravery of his hunting attire. Elizabeth of Bohemia is here, too, the famous Queen of Hearts, who had her rooms in the Water Gallery by the Thames, and whose portrait was painted by her favorite artist, Gerard Honthorst. And many of the gallants and heroes of those days are here painted mostly by the hand of Mytens, whose own portrait, once in Charles the First's room, is still preserved. Christian of Brunswick, who devoted his sword to the service of his fair cousin the queen of Bohemia, and took for his motto the words "*Für Gott und für Sie*," and Count Mansfeldt and Lord Zouch, are all here, and Prince Rupert himself as a boy, in the days when he hunted deer with his royal uncle in Bushey Park, and used to wish he could break his neck, so that at least he might leave his bones in England. There are curious pictures, too, of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria dining in public in the Great Hall, and of Charles II. embarking in Holland to return and claim his own, and of that other landing in Torbay, which ended the reign of the Stuart dynasty. Many portraits also of William of Orange and his father and kindred, and of foreign princes, from Francis I. and Kaiser Maximilian and the great Henri Quatre, down to Peter the Great and Philip IV. of Spain

and Stanislaus of Poland. But of all the pictures of Stuart times which are still to be seen at Hampton Court the most famous are the ten beauties of the Court of Charles II., painted by Lely at the command of the Duchess of York, who wished to have portraits of "*les plus belles personnes de la cour*." There were eleven of them originally; but one, that of the fairest and best of the number, Henrietta of Orleans, the king's own sister, is missing, and may possibly be the portrait of that lady represented as Pallas, now at Buckingham Palace. The other ten were moved here early in the present century from the queen's bedchamber at Windsor, and, as Walpole expresses it, "*trail their fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams*," with the languid grace and negligence which the beauties of that day affected. Their names and not too edifying histories may all be read in the pages of De Grammont, who declares in his "*Memoirs*" that each one of these portraits was a masterpiece. Here, too, in the presence chamber of William the Third's palace, hangs another series of fair ladies "*the Beauties of Hampton Court*," painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller for Queen Mary, in imitation of Lely's beauties, but distinctly inferior in style and execution to the former series. Horace Walpole says that the idea struck the queen during one of her husband's absences, and that Lady Dorchester warned her that it would make her unpopular, saying: "*Madame, if the king were to ask for the portraits of all the wits in his court, would not the rest think he called them fools?*"

These portraits, we feel, have a value for us beyond their artistic merits. In them the past lives again, and the tale of bygone ages gains a force and clearness which it could not have without them. We look on their faces and study their features and the expression of their countenance until we begin to understand what manner of men and women they were, and gain a new insight into the story of their lives. And as we pace the desolate rooms and empty courts, and look out on these avenues and bowers planted by the men of other days, we thank the historian who has revived so many forgotten memories, and whose vivid narrative and skilful touch have invested the ancient palace of our kings and queens with a new and living charm.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF
PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER X.

(continued.)

BUT there was one of a much stronger and fiercer character than the nuwâb in the castle. On the very verge of the eastern battlement that went sheer down to the waters of the Jumna stood one of the most beautiful chambers in the palace. It was octagonal in shape, and three of its sides stand out from the line of buildings of which it forms a part, and round these sides runs a balcony which actually overhangs the giddy height. Those three projecting sides are of pure white marble and profusely adorned with inlaid work, and the balcony without is a most exquisite specimen of that feature of architecture of which we find such noble specimens in the East. It rests on massive sandstone brackets, of noble design and workmanship; its roof is formed of marble slabs, which project a good way beyond the marble columns on which they rest; these delicate marble columns, with their handsome bases and capitals, are most beautifully proportioned, and each of their four square sides is also profusely adorned with inlaid work, and the marble slabs which run from column to column and form the parapet are exquisitely pierced, each one of a separate design, each one a work of art. The aerial grace of the apartment befits its aerial situation. The chamber is very lovely within likewise. The floor, the walls, the beautifully curved roof are all of pure white marble. The walls are adorned with fruit, and flowers, and foliage, here showing in their natural hues in inlaid work, there standing out still more beautifully in relief from the pure white surface of the wall. This chamber forms part of the suite of apartments set aside for the use of Fatima Begum, the "Adornment of the Palace," the "Delight of the Universe," more commonly known as the Sikunder Begum, the youngest and favorite wife of the nuwâb of Khizrabad. But, with the exception of the bath-chamber, which with its tessellated marble floor, its exquisitely carved marble baths and cisterns, and its honey-comb roof, encrusted with minute mirrors, forms one of the wonders of the palace, this is the only apartment applied to her own personal use. This is the

chamber in which she wholly lives. It forms her bedroom, dressing-room, boudoir, dining-room, drawing-room. In the centre of it stands a large square bedstead, over whose web or mattress of broad tape interlaced there is just now flung only a lovely flowered-silk coverlet, but on which lie many silk-covered pillows and cushions. On one side of this stands a massive wooden chest or coffer, and with the exception of a lacquered and gilt chair, and a couple of coarse wicker-work stools, there is no other article of what we call furniture in the room. But a great number of the begum's personal belongings are bestowed in the niches, with flamboyant tops and artistically carved sides, which adorn the walls of the chamber. In these are placed her little round mirror, and her wooden tooth-comb inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and her box of antimony, and the little leaden pencil with which she applies it to her eyelids; in these stand her elegantly shaped and beautifully chased long-necked gold scent-bottles. And there in silken covers rest some beautifully written, and beautifully illuminated, and beautifully bound, copies of the works of Jâmi, and Hafiz, and Sheikh Sâdi of Shiraz; for the begum can read, and the heap of cream-colored, gold-spangled paper, and the pretty Cashmere-made sliding pen-and-ink case, lying on the bed, show that she can write likewise.

She is not occupied either in reading or writing just now, however, as she reclines in luxurious ease; she is dallying with the beautifully chased gold mouthpiece attached to the end of the long, velvet-covered tube or "snake," which comes up from the tall, handsome hooqah which stands on a piece of stamped velvet placed on the floor by the side of the bed. Her dress consists of a pair of loose silk trousers, a little silk bodice, of which the two projecting conical portions are adorned with gold embroidery, and of a long, soft muslin veil or sheet, of a gossamer-like fineness, and of a rare and beautiful brown tint, which flows about her like a mist. Just now it has been allowed to drop down upon her shoulders, leaving her head and neck bare.

She is a very beautiful woman. The outline of her face is a pure oval. The forehead has a fine full outward sweep; the eyes are like those of a gazelle, large, and liquid, and jet-black; the nose a delicate aquiline; along the line of the lips, neither thin nor full, runs the double curve of Cupid's bow, and within them runs a row of very good teeth, though both lips

and teeth are at this present moment disfigured, to English eyes, by the red juice of the *pān* she has just been eating. On the bed lies a very pretty little silver casket, with curved pierced top; this is the *pān-dān*, or box in which the *pān* leaves, and the quicklime, and the cut betel-nut, and the cloves that are put into them before they are wrapped up into their usual triangular shape, ready for the mouth, are kept. The small, shapely head is well placed on a slender, swan-like neck. She has a beautiful figure too; as she lies upon the bed the character of her dress permits its whole flowing outline to be seen very clearly. Her hands and her feet, which are of course bare, are wonderfully small and very perfect in shape. The begum, though a slender, is not a little woman, yet her hands and feet are as small as those of a young English girl; that, however, is a feature in which Eastern women surpass our own. The palms of her hands and the soles of her feet, her finger-nails and her toe-nails are dyed red with henna. This custom has arisen in the East to hide the otherwise too pallid, sometimes ghastly hue which the nails and palms and soles present, to simulate the brighter and more healthy color of colder climes. As an Eastern writer would say, the begum is "adorned at every point." She has rings on her fingers and rings on her toes; there is a silver band round each big toe; she has a bangle of solid gold round each ankle, as well as round each wrist; she has two sets of earrings in her ears, each being bored in the upper cartilage, as well as the lower lobe. Her nose-ring is not the enormous circlet which looks so preposterous and ugly, but a little gold ornament set coquettishly on one nostril. Round her neck is a handsome ornament, composed of little square gold tablets, studded with gems, and joined together by little short gold chains. Her skin is of a very light olive tint. Her cheeks present that warm and bright, yet soft and downy, look which goes only with such a complexion.

But this woman, so fair without, is most foul within. Messalina did not surpass her in greed or cruelty. If she resembled the empress Theodora, as depicted in the pages of Gibbon, closely in face and figure, so did she in dissoluteness, in the prodigality and promiscuousness of her favors. She was cruel, cunning, lascivious, vindictive, avaricious. Though many a year had elapsed since life had ceased to have any mysteries for her, though she had a son who was nearly fourteen years old,

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the begum was still a very young woman, still under the age of thirty.

She is not alone in the apartment. Not far from one of the windows opening on to the balcony stands a slave-girl of "thirty-eight," that is to say, of the terrible famine year 1838, in which parents not only, as in her case, sold their infants, but even killed and cooked and ate them. The girl is busy cleaning out a cage, which is placed on a high wooden stand. The gold-wired cage contains a gem-like bird—a rare and beautiful bird of some distant, foreign clime. The slave-girl's eyes look very dull and heavy; then as she looks out of the window there comes into them a sudden, wild look; and then as she looks round the room a sullen one. Of late years slavery has found some eminent advocates in England. But they had no personal knowledge of the matter, or they would have known that it is an accursed thing. The command of the person of one human being by another evokes the brute on the one side, produces the animal on the other. The person of this poor bond-girl had been subjected even in her tender childhood to cruel tortures. Then Chunia puts back her arms, and gives a great yawn—a very wide yawn—a very prolonged yawn—a too prolonged yawn; for she has left the door of the cage open, and the other captive, pining for freedom, having no love for captivity even within golden bars and with immunity from the trouble of seeking for its food, seeing an opportunity of escape has seized it; the beautiful bird has darted out of the cage, out through the open window near, and is winging its joyous flight across the broad expanse of the Jumna, its bright wings flashing in the evening light. The slave-girl's arms drop down, but her mouth continues open as her eyes follow the rapidly disappearing bird. Then from the open mouth comes forth an inarticulate cry, a curious sort of cry, like that of an animal.

"*Henk!* What is the meaning of this?" says the begum (the bird-cage is behind her). "What do you mean by making a noise like that—like a sick cow—and disturbing me?"

"The bird!" gasps the girl.

"What about it?" says the begum indifferently, not looking round. She is reflecting on matters which engage her attention very deeply just now; she is enjoying her scented tobacco.

"Has flown away!"

"What!" cries the begum. She has raised herself up, and dropped the beau-

tifully chased gold mouthpiece, and leaped on to the floor in a second, swift and noiseless as a panther.

"Where has it gone to?" asks the begum in a loud, harsh voice.

"Across the river," pants the girl.

"Then it is lost," says the begum in a low, soft voice, which sounds more appallingly in the slave-girl's ear than the former harsh one. The girl has shrunk back against the wall. There is on her face a dull, stupid, bewildered, frightened look.

"You have allowed my bird to escape, my beautiful bird, the like to which there was none other in India. You did it on purpose. I know you did."

The girl makes no answer. She has her hands up, as if to defend herself against a sudden onslaught. She continues to look at her mistress in a dazed kind of way. The thousands of blows she received on her head from shoes and slippers — those of men as well as women — were enough to make her addle-pated.

With the change of voice has come a change of look on the begum's face. The flaming look of anger has departed, but in its place has come the look of cruel, quiet, satisfied delight you may see on the face of a cat when she watches the captured mouse make little runs before her. The girl has afforded her just and reasonable cause for punishment.

The inner door of the apartment opens, and some one else now enters the room. *Who is this? What is this?* You have seen the slave-girl, and you now behold the other as indispensable adjunct of the Oriental zenana — the eunuch.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" exclaims the new-comer, in his thin, shrill, squeaky voice.

"She has allowed the bird to fly away. It has flown away over the Jumna. There is no chance whatever of getting it back — none. There might have been had it been morning. But now it is evening; it will soon be night —"

"What? — the bird! flown away!" cries the eunuch, in his squeaky voice, looking towards the empty cage. "That is a great loss. How did it happen?"

"She allowed it to escape — on purpose — to hurt my feelings — to anger me," says the begum, looking at the girl. She knew that the girl was about as likely to anger her voluntarily as a rabbit a ferret, a mouse a cat, a kid a panther.

The girl shakes her head.

"You did! you know you did!" exclaims the begum furiously. "You witch! You female dog! You daughter of Satan!"

"Shall I give her the slipper?" asks the eunuch.

"The slipper!" says the begum — "the bow-string! I must have her life. She shall be hung. The nuwāb sahib shall sign an order to that effect."

"He no longer has the power to do so."

"Yes, these cursed Feringhees have taken that away from him, as they have taken away everything else. May their faces be blackened! May they burn in hell forever! But the time is now near at hand when we shall get back that power and every other. But you can strangle her here. As I said before, the bow-string! Go and get one."

"But how about the body?"

"You could throw it down into the river."

"It might be found. There would be enquiries. You know that this new ruzedunt (resident), this Milmil (Melvil) sahib is very troublesome."

"I know he is — the pig, the infidel, the son of Satan, the brother of an unchaste sister!" to which she adds many a filthy epithet, for she has a full command of the foul vocabulary of abuse of her native land, and the mere mention of Mr. Melvil's name always causes her to draw largely on its copious resources. There had been a deadly feud between the two ever since Mr. Melvil had entered on his present post two years before. His supervision of the doings in the palace, of its finances, had been very minute and strict. But above and beyond everything else, he had shown no desire to aid her — rather a desire to thwart her — in what had been the great aim and object of her life, the recognition by the British government of the choice which she had prevailed on the nuwāb to make of her son as heir to the throne, in place of an elder son by a senior wife.

"If this floor were not of stone," says the begum, "I should have a hole dug in it and bury her alive. I should then put my bedstead over the spot, and they might then search for her if they pleased. But go and get the bath ready. Make it boiling hot."

"You must not lose your temper," says Jhundoo Khan, the eunuch. He has his feminine name as well — Golab (the Rose). "If anything happens to her, if she disappears, there is sure to be a row, an enquiry." He seems to be very much afraid of the said enquiries.

"Of course there would be an enquiry. If we sneeze there is an enquiry. But we should simply say that it was an accident;

that she went into the bath of her own accord."

"We must be very careful as to what we do at this present time," says Golab. "We must not draw the attention of the English on ourselves these days." This Jhundoo Khan was very ambitious. We know that men of his class have risen to high office in the East — to be at the head of armies, of kings' households, of the State. He already holds a high place in the nuwāb's favor, as is shown by his being placed in charge of the apartments of the nuwāb's youngest, most beautiful, and most beloved wife — a trust which he systematically betrays, the begum having won him over, not only to wink at her amours, but to be an accomplice and agent in them. Should the movement against the English succeed, and Khizrabad become an independent State once more, he looks forward to holding the highest office in it, to being chief treasurer, or prime minister, or mayor of the palace, or commander-in chief of its forces. He is very anxious that there should be no collision between the English authorities and the palace just now.

"And the Soubahdar Rustum Khan is waiting below. Let me shoe-beat her, and be done with it."

"No; I will give her the slipper myself. I will make her head bald for her. You hold her hands."

The eunuch takes the slave-girl by the hands. She makes no resistance. She is overjoyed to have escaped the boiling water. The begum comes behind the girl, and plucks the long sheet off her. This leaves the whole of the body above the top of the trousers bare, with the exception of where the little linen bodice covers and encloses the breasts, and where the strings by which it is tied run across the back. In an earthen pan on the floor are some of the little charcoal balls which are used for lighting hooqahs with. The begum stoops down and drops the slipper she has taken into her hand silently on the floor, seizes the tongs, and taking up one of the red-hot, glowing balls, applies it violently to the girl's bare back. The burnt flesh hisses, and the slave-girl gives a leap and yell. The begum applies the burning ball again, this time choosing the more tender flank, and with another shriek of agony the girl drops down on the floor.

"Put her out," says the begum, and the eunuch drags away the wretched, writhing, shrieking girl, and thrusts her out of the lovely chamber.

"Give me a drink of water, Golab,"

says the begum, "and then call Rustum Khan."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGUM AND HER LOVER.

WHEN Golab has left the apartment the begum places herself on the bed in a recumbent attitude. She draws the edge of her sheet — which is quite plain, but of great value from its exquisitely delicate texture; it is a piece of muslin of the kind known as *shub-num* (the "evening-dew") — over her head, but she does not draw it so far forward as to conceal, but only to shade her face, and then she disposes it carefully about her person.

The Soubahdar Rustum Khan now enters the room. He is differently dressed from what he was in the daytime. He has donned his dandy attire. His linen long-coat is a perfect marvel of the lavalory art, so minutely crimped are the sleeves from shoulder to wrist, so snowy white is it. His trousers are so tight at the ankle, where there is some more of the minute crimping or pleating, that it seems a marvel how he got them over his not very small feet. These are of course bare; he has left his shoes at the door of the chamber. His loosely tied turban hangs down very much over one ear; it has been wound round a highly embroidered muslin skull-cap. His large whiskers have been carefully trimmed, his long love-locks well oiled. He looks the ruffling blade, and he enters with the carriage of one. But in his salutation of the begum there is a respectful deference as well as an easy familiarity. And he takes a quick glance at her face as he seats himself by the side of the bed. What is her mood to-day — that of the begum or the lover?

Six months ago, when he first came to occupy his present position of paramour, Rustum Khan had not cared very much for the begum's moods. His connection with her was a mere love affair; it would end when he left with his regiment at the close of the year, sooner if the begum saw a more likely man. But now his position had come to possess a political aspect. There were signs that there was near at hand — he had joined with those who were striving to bring it about — one of those great political convulsions in which rank and fortune rearrange themselves. He was one of the bold, reckless men whom the Company's service did not satisfy. It was all very well when he was rising from grade to grade; exchanging

the musket for the sword; increasing his income from fourteen shillings to five pounds a month. But neither rank nor pay will improve any more, and his views have expanded with his rise. What! after so many years of service, after so many arduous campaigns, after so many severe fights, to find himself still in a subordinate position, with nothing to look forward to but his pension. A vacant life lay before him. He was stifled by his own success. And he did not care for the hollow, powerless rank, that of native officer, to which he had attained. Others might think it a sufficient reward for their services to have the English officer shake hands with them and offer them a chair. He thought a great deal too much store was laid on those haughtily rendered civilities and condescensions. They were disagreeable to himself. There was too much of patronage and condescension in them. He thought there was a hollowness in them too—a mockery. It had been all very well, he thinks over and over again to himself, while he was raising himself from grade to grade, but there is no further enhancement of rank or pay left for him now. And his views, his opinion of himself and his powers, expand with his rise. What! after all those years of service, after all those arduous campaigns and bloody battlefields, to find himself, though called a commissioned officer, lower in rank than those two English boys (Walton and Hill) who had just joined the regiment—beardless youths with maiden swords!

He had nothing more to gain by drawing his sword for the Company. What inducements were held out to him to draw his sword against it? The immediate command of his own regiment. That was a position worth the having. Why, if he held it only for ten months he would make as much money out of it as his present pay would amount to in ten years. Then the ranee had promised him the supreme command of the nuwâb's army when there was one again. He knew that he was not likely to hold his position as the begum's favorite forever or for long. But when he had come to have close political as well as love relations with the begum, when he had seen to what the possession of her favor might possibly lead, he had made it his business—under his gay recklessness was a crafty thoughtfulness—to study her character carefully, and he had come to understand that, should he once obtain that promised high command, his retaining it would depend entirely on his fitness

to hold it; the begum did not allow her passions to interfere with her interests. But he must take care to retain the begum's favor until he had obtained it. And he knew that, though the begum seems as ready to forget her rank in her attachments as was the empress Catherine of Russia, she is really most jealous of its prerogatives. So he watches her mood and temper. Will she be lover or queen?

The former first, at this moment, he thinks; so he seizes the little pink-nailed pink-palmed hand which is hanging over the side of the couch, and carries it to his mouth.

"Sweeter to the lips than honey!" he exclaims rapturously. And then, gently putting it down again, he fixes his large, black, bold eyes on her face and exclaims, "And the sight of thy face is as collyrium to the eyes; and the sound of thy voice like music to the ear; and thy person hath a sweet savor to the nose. But ah! the bitter-sweet of love! Ah! the pain, the bliss of loving! The lover has everything to delight him and yet he suffers. His heart burns, his liver freezes. The bulb flies to the rose, but his breast is pierced with its thorns.

Ah! those sugary lips of thine!
In color like the pomegranate blossom,
In shape like the bow of Cupid;
Lids of a casket of pearls,
Thy eyes like pools of jet.

"And ah!" (continuing the perusal of her face with his big, bold eyes, the begum sustaining the scrutiny with a pleased, fixed look) "the fortunate mole upon thy cheek!" And then he quotes from the well-known song of Hafiz, than which none other has ever been so much quoted or sung, and which, like its own opening line, seems "ever fresh and ever new"—

For her black mole I'd gladly give
Bokhara fair and Samarcand.

He has a fine strong mellow voice. The fine long flowing line comes out from his mouth with a grand, smooth, wave-like roll.

All this is very pleasant, but business has to be attended to also. And it is business from which the begum would not let any amorous talk, fond as she is of it, withdraw her.

The Sikunder Begum had entered the nuwâb's zenana, as his third wife, at the age of twelve. The next ten years of her life were passed in fulfilling the early-begun duties of a mother, in acquiring the

accomplishments the nuwâb delighted to have her taught. Then she began to take an interest in things outside her own apartments, in the family affairs; and her clearness of intellect and force of will and her influence over the nuwâb soon gained her a paramount position in the palace. Then she began to chafe against the English control. As has been said already, though the nuwâb might sometimes find that control annoying, it was to him really a comfort and a relief; the more he was deprived of his authority (the young begum's misuse of it was greatly the cause of its curtailment) and relieved of the management of his own affairs, the more happy he felt; but not so the begum — to her it was a maddening restraint. The nuwâb might like a go-cart, but it was no place for her. She preferred a chariot. From the moment she had felt the strength of her pinions, the begum had longed to spread them, to put them to fullest use; she longed to use beak and claw. It was these English who prevented her, who held the jess. She raged furiously against them. This young woman exhibited in her character that combination of dissoluteness and devoutness which appears so strange and yet has been so common. She was very loose in her morals, atrocious in conduct, and yet she was most religious — a fanatic, a bigot, a zealot. She was a furious Mussulmanee, which is the feminine of Mussulman. She therefore hated the English on good religious grounds. The measure of her wrath had been filled to overflowing by the refusal of the ruling power to recognize the nuwâb's choice of her son as the successor to the throne of Khizrabad — still a throne. She had now every reason to hate the accursed, interfering, domineering foreign race — as a wife; as a mother; as a true believer; in the name of God.

And on Mr. Melvil — as one who had made those restrictions more stringent and severe; who had cast the weight of his much-trusted opinion against her son's succession; who was the representative of the tyrants and infidels — her hatred had settled and concentrated itself.

But raging against the English had seemed for many years like raging against the adverse forces of nature — against the malign influences of the air, against storm and tempest, against plague and pestilence. Who could control their coming or going? Only the hand of fate. But those who could penetrate into the mysterious workings of destiny had prophesied that the English power was to last

for the space of a hundred years only, and that period was now over; this year, this present year, was the last of the hundred.

And were there not signs that the hand of fate had begun to work against the accursed foreigner? The good or ill, the gain or loss, of nations as of individuals, seems to depend on a combination of circumstances. How suddenly had these appeared against the English! An over-stretched empire; discontent in the army on which their power depended; discontent among the people; discontent among the nobles; fear and trembling, and the hatred begotten of them, in the hearts of kings and princes; Hindoos and Mahomedans drawn together by a common fear for their religion and caste; the animosity of the one aroused by the overthrow of the great Mahomedan kingdom of Oudh, of the other by the overthrow of the great Hindoo principalities of Sattara and Nagpore; general perplexity and trouble. The begum had done her best to foment the feeling of discontent, to cause the streams of antagonism to join together and rise in one overwhelming flood. She had thrown herself heart and soul into the great conspiracy, and had brought to bear on it the whole force of her intellect, the full strength of her will. But the power of the English was great. The sword is the weapon of fate, and they held it. Then came this affair of the greased cartridges. Herein, above all, was shown the adverse working of the dread mysterious power. The English were turning the point of the great weapon they held in their hands against their own breast. The fated, foreboded hour was come. The opportunity was given. It was for their foes to seize it. To fan the rising flame of mutiny, make it general, that must be their object. Her keen intellect saw it, her bold spirit leaped to do it. Let the whole army rise. Then would planning and plotting be turned into bold action. She longed for that.

"Golab said you had something to communicate," says the begum.

"Mehndi Ali Khan was here to-day."

"Was — and he did not come to see me!"

"He had to hurry on to Abdoolapore. The sentence of the court-martial on the men of the 3rd Cavalry is to be promulgated and carried into effect to-morrow."

"But he will let me know what it is."

"At once; by special messenger."

Rustum Khan then proceeds to communicate to the begum all that Mehndi Ali had communicated to him.

"He is sure of the regiment at Fatehgarh?"

"Yes."

"That is important, because of the fort there. We must seize all the great fortresses; we must get possession of all the government treasuries. We shall then be supplied with a great store of powder and shot and guns and money—the sinews of war. We shall have command of a large army. We shall have the means of paying it, and so securing its fidelity. We shall have all the great strongholds in our hands. The whole country will be ours. It only needs that the whole of the army should be with us. Each single regiment should be carefully attended to. We must win over the soubahdars and the jemadars, the native officers like yourself. The army of the king of Oudh will come together again. The Mahrattas will put their armies in the field once more. The great Sikh army will reassemble. What will the English be able to do against such forces as these? And all these armies must be directed against them; not against one another, as heretofore. We must make one common cause, at all events until the English are got rid of. Let there be bold and sudden action, a simultaneous rising everywhere. This will bewilder and daunt the English, and bring the people on our side. Bold action; but there must also be careful preparation beforehand. *Futteh ba bundobust*" (arrangements ensure victory).

The begum belonged to the class of bold, strong spirits who are not frightened or overpowered by great enterprises; who look at them with a calm, cool eye as affairs to be accomplished by the proper adjustment of means to ends.

"And the English must be wholly got rid of. They must be slain everywhere—man, woman, and child. They have asserted dominion in a *dar al hug* (land of the true faith). 'And kill them wherever ye find them, and turn them out of that whereof they have dispossessed you.' So it is written in the blessed Koran."

"We will do so," said Rustum Khan, fondling his big, fat calf; "God willing."

"He will help. Hath he not said it? Is there not this line in the Koran, the exalted: 'God is your Lord and he is the best helper'?"

They continue to discuss the general aspect of affairs for a little while longer. That heap of papers on the bed contains reports of the state of feeling in every regiment of the Bengal army; communications from kings and princes who have

lost their thrones or are trembling for them; from great landowners who have lost all their power and influence; from very big men who have become very small ones; from treacherous employes of the government; from Rohilkhand, Bundelkhand, Oudh, Bengal, the Punjab, from Caubul, and from Persia—nay, the begum's correspondence extends even so far as Constantinople. She refers to a document which exhibits the distribution and strength of the English (as distinguished from the native) troops throughout northern India.

"See how few there are! One regiment here, one regiment there. They could be dealt with separately. They would not have time to join together. How simple the whole matter is!"

The begum loves business and has a great capacity for it. The secret preparations of a conspiracy and the sudden outburst—the stealthy stalk of the tiger and then the bold spring—exactly suit her turn of character, very cunning and very bold.

Then they turn to the consideration of local affairs.

"You are sure of your own regiment?"

"*K'hoob*" (well, thoroughly).

"And the 76th?"

"That is favorable too. Most of the sepoys are Brahmins. The general service order is very irksome to them. You know they refused to go to Burma three years ago."

"But I do not trust that infidel, Mata-deen Panday, the Soubahdar major. He is quite capable of betraying us to the English."

"Quite, if he thought he would gain anything by it. But he would not. He knows the English officers would not listen to him; would not believe him; would probably punish him for defaming his comrades. Ha! ha! They do not wish to hear anything against the sepoy. They do not want to be troubled."

"But what will make us sure of his co-operation when the time for action comes?"

"Rupees," says Rustum Khan laconically.

"I could promise him titles and an estate."

"He would prefer cash down."

"True; the titles and estate might not be given," says the begum with a laugh. "But we have not much command of money just now. This pig of a Milmil (Melvil) Sahib keeps us very *tung* (tight), and the kafirs of Hindoo bankers refuse

us credit since he has given it out that the government will no longer be responsible for our debts."

"You have your jewels."

Rustum Khan knew some of the begum's secrets. He knew that the strong-box or coffer beyond the bed contained a great store of most valuable jewels and gems. The begum had accumulated these not merely for the adornment of her person, though that was an object too. She had devoted herself to gathering them together in order to gratify her greed and love of power more than her vanity. She valued them as concentrated wealth; as secret wealth; as portable wealth. They gave her money at her own command; enabled her to carry out her own purposes; provided against a possible day of disaster. She had worked on the nuwâb's inability to refuse, as well as on his affection for her. She had made purchases of specially valuable gems herself, and left the nuwâb and his English custodian to arrange for their payment. Mr. Melvil's determined opposition to this process was another great cause of her bitter hatred towards him.

"I must see what value the kafir sets on his services," says the begum. By the kafir she meant Matadeen Panday.

The evening glare has disappeared; the brief twilight is passing away; the stars are beginning to come out.

"But where is the bird?" exclaims Rustum Khan, who has risen and strolled towards the window.

"Flown away. That black-visaged, that — slave-girl Chunia allowed it to escape; my beautiful bird, the like to which there was none other in Hindostan."

The dash takes the place of a term of abuse common enough in India, but too gross, too shameless, to find translation here.

"You have punished her for it?"

"I tickled her back a little," says the begum indifferently.

"You must get another bird."

"If that strayer from the paths of righteousness, that son of Satan, that oppressor, that skinflint of a Milmil (Melvil) Sahib will sanction the expenditure for it. Why, the other day he would not allow my son to purchase a pair of greyhounds; he said their cost was too high. A prince not able to buy a dog! The oppressor keeps a very minute account with us. I am keeping a very minute account with him. There may be a settlement of it soon. Oh, Rustum Khan, would that the day of our power were come!"

"It may be very near at hand," he says. And then they have done with politics for that time, and exchange its dry discourse for the soft language of love.

Rustum Khan has to be back in his lines before the gun on the ridge has sent forth its last, its evening roar. But he must have a swagger down Star Street first. That far-famed thoroughfare is now at its gayest and brightest. The oil-lamps twinkle in all its shops. The bright moonlight floods it. It is filled with a vast concourse of people all moving joyously about after the monotonous languor of the day.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MANNERS.

WE must be careful that all our looks be full of sweetness, kindness, and modesty, not affected and without grimaces; the carriage of the body decent, without extraordinary or apish gestures; in all our ordinary actions, be it in eating, drinking or the like, we must show modesty, and follow that which is most received, amongst those with whom we converse, for that courtier is but over punctual, who in a country gentleman's house will strictly practise all his forms of new breeding, and will not be content to express his thanks, and esteem to others in the same manner, and with the same ceremony that he receives the respect of others, his practice shows like a correction of the other, and oft puts the modest company into a bashful confusion, and constrained distrustful behavior and conversation.

This sentence, the portentous length of which is rendered hardly less breathless by the arbitrary scattering of a few commas, is culled from a little brown volume in duodecimo, entitled "The Art of Complaisance, or the Means to Oblige in Conversation" (London, 1697). Such merit belongs to this anonymous treatise as flows from rarity, for it is mentioned neither in Lowndes, Allibone, nor in the later dictionary of Halkett and Laing. It is prefaced by a letter signed "S. C." addressed "To his ingenious friend, Mr. W. B.," and bears on the title the forbidding aphorism: "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit vivere" (He who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to live).

There is, however, nothing very sinister in the dissimulation prescribed by this sixteenth-century mentor: *il n'est pas si diable qu'il est noir*. He commends the self-restraint of a Chesterfield rather than the duplicity of a Machiavelli.

"The height of abilities," wrote the former authority in the course of his fruitless and pathetic endeavor to kindle his son's sluggish spirit, "is to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti*—that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent and reserved interior; to be upon your guard, and yet by a seeming natural openness to put people off theirs."

This is very much the key of "S. C.'s" treatise, yet throughout it there breathes the spirit of a cruder age, when, to use the pregnant phrase of Mr. Nichol (the biographer and shrewd analyst of Francis Bacon), it was as expedient to flatter monarchs as it now is to juggle mobs. The modern reader, running over the several chapters devoted to the principles of conversation at court, with great men at "the Innes of Court, where are to be found a great number of the finest spirits," with ladies, and, lastly, with persons of all humors, ages, and conditions, will be rewarded by many passages of charming *naïveté* and astonishing frankness; but he may find his smile tending to a sneer at the chapter on "How we must demean ourselves to gain the favor of our prince or sovereign." Princes and sovereigns are still held to be very proper objects of consideration, and those who please them best will not lose their reward; but it wounds our democratic self-respect to see the rules of the game set out in cold blood and black and white. *Ars est celare artem*; the taste of our age is too refined to brook having all the tricks of the trade revealed; it spoils the sport.

This is an Art

Which does mend Nature; changes it rather;
but
The Art itself is Nature.

Professing this, what possible approval can we lend to the conduct of "a reverend courtier who, being asked by what means he had lived so long and (was) so firm in favor at court, answered that it was by patiently supporting injuries and by repaying thanks in lieu of revenge"? A mean creature, truly, yet our contempt for him in this nineteenth century may be somewhat chastened by recalling a remark made by Francis Bacon, that "the lowest of all flattery is the flattery of the common people." (Tory Democrats please copy.)

We may dismiss "S. C." with a single extract from his chapter on "Conversation with Ladies:"—

It is necessary that a man who visits Ladies wear always good clothes, even to magnifi-

cence, if he may do it without impairing his fortune: the expence we make in habits bears us through all,—as an ingenious man once said, it opens all doors to us and always procures us an obliging reception; and as the exterior part, striking first the sight, is that which makes the first impression on our spirits, doubtless we ought to take some care to render that impression favourable.

It is a common complaint among older people that manners have grievously deteriorated with the present generation. Perhaps it is so; but similar complaints have been uttered over every successive generation; there are always plenty to moan over all change as bitterly as if it were bloody revolution. Our contention is that changed as they are there is still plenty of scope for consideration of others, which is the fount of social sweetness. The eighteenth century abounded more than does the nineteenth in courtliness; it was more picturesque. There is less formality now both in dress and address than of yore, but the gulf that separates the well-bred from the ill-bred remains as deep and wide as ever. If we have not so many Sir Charles Grandisons, surely we have fewer Squire Westons. Is it the refinement of a *fin de siècle* drawing-room a hundred years ago that would most impress one of us, could he be transported back to it? Change of manners and habits is inevitable, but it does not necessarily imply deterioration. To make a less distant comparison—what is more common in these days than to see a lady being driven alone in a hansom cab? Twenty years ago, in the days when many girls were prohibited from waltzing except with cousins, that would have been pronounced as compromising as going to a music-hall; yet who will say that English girls of to-day are one whit less pure or lovable than their mothers were?

But if we are apt to pass harsh judgment on the manners of our own time, we are equally prone to sniff at any departure from the standard of to-day. There is a very suggestive passage in Mr. Hamerton's interesting book, "French and English." That writer enjoys the enviable scope of being as much at home with the one nation as with the other; it gives him all the advantage possessed by one sitting astride of a high wall as against one standing on either side of it—he can see and compare objects on both sides.

In any attempt [he says] to judge of manners, especially in a foreign nation, we are liable to two mistakes. We are likely to

think that a degree of polish inferior to our own is rudeness, whilst the refinement that surpasses ours is affectation, we ourselves having exactly that perfection of good breeding which is neither the one nor the other. An Englishman is particularly liable to think in this way, 'because the present English ideal of good manners is a studied simplicity. We come to think that a simple manner is unaffected, whilst high polish must have been learned from the etiquette-book.

Between the African potentate who, in order to do honor to a distinguished visitor and to save him unnecessary trouble, masticates goblets of meat with his own royal grinders before placing them in his guest's mouth, and the Lancashire miner to whom the appearance of a stranger at once suggests "‘eaving ‘arf a brick at ‘is ‘ead," there is room to show almost every degree of consideration. The conclusion to which one comes after studying any of the many writers who have tried to formulate rules of social procedure, from Epicurus down to the compiler of the latest manual on etiquette, is that there exists a *nescio quid*—a spirit, intangible, not to be described, but essential to the sweetness and light of human intercourse, without which "the rest is all but leather or prunella." Sweetness of manner has its source far too deep to be learned by practice or rote; it is no use trying to learn the trick of putting it on, like a grenadier's cap, to make one's self of consequence; it must be innate, for it is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—an instinctive consideration of the feelings of others, a forgetfulness of self. Courtliness is the counterfeit, often passing muster for the real thing; its success is commensurate with the success of the effort to please others. But, it may be urged, a man may be full of kindness and sympathy for others and yet fail to please because of his shyness. Well, shyness is of two kinds, the first and least deplorable being a gracelessness caused by unfamiliar surroundings and uncertainty how to behave. It produces agonies of misgiving, with perplexity that scatters thought. But, observe, this kind of sufferer is apprehensive, not of being laughed at, but of intruding on or being a bore to others. He dreads giving offence. Painful though it be, his is, if properly and timeously treated, a transient malady, and often leaves the convalescent more able to give and receive pleasure in the society of others than many who have never suffered from the disease. The reason for this seeming paradox is that shyness of

this kind is the result of a lively imagination acting on love of approbation, each of which is, in due measure, essential to a sympathetic nature. But it must not be neglected or encouraged by circumstances, or it will become chronic, and the torment will be lifelong.

The other and more malignant form of shyness is really nothing but pride, generating suspicious watchfulness and cold reserve, each of them fatal to a pleasant manner. You cannot give a sullen pool the sparkle and dash of a mountain stream, any more than Lord Chesterfield could pour his own light and grace into his son's dull nature. This conviction seems to have forced itself on the hapless father rather early in the celebrated letters; for we can almost hear the sigh with which, after writing repeatedly and at length upon the precepts of good behavior, he flings down the pen with which he has traced these lines:—

All the above-mentioned rules, however carefully you may observe them, will lose half their effect if unaccompanied by the Graces. . . . If your air and address are vulgar, awkward, and *gauche*, you may be esteemed indeed, if you have great intrinsic merit, but you will never please.

You will never please! It is a heavy sentence. How far must it be held a just one? How far is a man responsible for not having a good address? If our contention is right, he is as responsible for not having natural sweetness as one who is without courage, honesty, continence, or any other natural virtue. But the punishment falls less heavily on the selfish man than on one for whom life without the friendly esteem of others, is worthless. Never please! never feel the firm clasp that betokens the answering warmth in a friend's bosom, nor enjoy the genial glow that welds two equal spirits moving to the same goal; not even, it may be (though herein exist some different and perplexing considerations), exchange that exquisite flattery of preference between man and woman which is no small ingredient in the sweet draught of love. Never see faces look round brightly at the sound of your footfall, nor a circle open with glad acclaim on your approach; but, instead, mark the chill diffused among those into whose company you come—the constraint of remarks addressed to yourself compared with the ceaseless flow of talk among others. Never please! it is worth much study and much pains, if by study and pains the trick might be learnt; but

to worry one's self over the rules without cultivating the virtue which is at the root of the whole matter, is so much study and pains thrown away. There is, indeed, one constituent in the power to please which is beyond any one's control—namely, personal appearance. Comeliness, though not essential (for many plain-featured people are of the pleasantest), must be admitted to give an enormous advantage to its possessor. Herein is just one of those perplexing inequalities which incline one to charge nature with injustice. Too little nose by the eighth part of an inch—too much eyelid by the hundredth—harshness in skin-texture, or irregular action of sebaceous glands,—why are these, or accidents even more infinitesimal, suffered to rob a countenance of beauty? But on the whole the injustice is seldom as great as it seems. Proportionate intellect is rarely the complement of great personal beauty. The combination is so rare that, when it *does* take place, it explains the classical belief in demigods—creatures with mortal bodies and human passions, but suffused with the fire of divinity.

The world is so full of men and women—fuller than it ever was before—that it is harder than ever for those anxious for the career of some youth to believe that he can ensure success otherwise than by looking after his own interest. Some pushing fellow is sure to fill the place for which we have destined our son or friend's son if he wastes his chance in considering the welfare of others. Not so; this altruism I am advocating will so work on his personality that it will draw to him far more than he could have earned by selfish effort. As he travels on life's journey he will find himself surrounded by gracious looks and helping hands; even the most worldly will look kindly on one who never interferes with their pleasure or ambition, whose manner and temper are like a fragrant breath of mountain air. There is nothing mawkish in such a character; the self-sacrifice that moulds it implies resolution.

This one is in no degree akin to him of whom men say, "He is no man's enemy but his own." Such a man may be easy, good-natured in the vulgar sense, and cheerful, but he occupies a place at the lower end of the scale of selfishness. If he is indulgent to others, it is from indolence, and his ruin comes from indulging his own inclinations.

At the other end of the same scale stands ambition, which is only an exalted

form of selfishness. This may seem a hard saying, but it will stand scrutiny. Of those who have attained high renown in history it may sometimes be hard to discern the leading motive; but to take the instance of two notable rivals—Napoleon and Wellington—the difference seems clear enough. The former, perhaps, was the more powerful mind, but it was intensely selfish. The indomitable will never turned aside out of consideration either for nations or individuals; the feelings, the sufferings of others were never glanced at in the ruthless march to the end in view; whereas the other, early steeped in the spirit of duty and subordination, grew to grandeur by means of insensible ascendancy over the wills of others, and finally triumphed by virtue of their devotion to and confidence in him. The memory of each differs as much in kind as the effects of their life-work. *Le petit caporal* was worshipped and feared, but men loved and adored the Iron Duke. Of the former, how few are the kindly human traits recorded! while of the other, to this day fresh proofs keep coming to light of simple sweetness dwelling long in the minds of men. The following anecdote concerning a letter lately exhumed by the editor of "Short Cuts" may serve as one instance out of a thousand illustrating the sympathetic nature of the great commander. The letter, so far as my memory serves, was in some such terms as these:

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington begs to inform William Harris that his toad is alive and well."

It seems that the duke, in the course of a country stroll, had come upon a little boy weeping bitterly over a toad. A strange trio they must have been—the lean, keen-eyed, old soldier, the flushed, sobbing boy, and, between them, the wrinkled reptile squatting, with tearless eyes and throbbing sides. The boy wept because he was going to school next day; he had come daily to feed his toad; the little heart was racked with grief because he feared his darling would be neglected when he was gone, and might starve. The duke's heart was as soft as the boy's, for he undertook to see that the toad was looked after, and the letter above-quoted is one of the subsequent bulletins.

Montaigne pleads eloquently for the cultivation of sympathy:—

Je louerai un âme à divers estages, qui sache & se tendre & se desmonter: qui soit bien par tout où sa fortune la porte: qui puisse deuiser avec son voisin, de son bastiment, de sa chasse & de sa querelle: entre-

tenir avec plaisir un charpentier & un iardinier. . . . Le conseil de Platon ne me plaist pas, de parler tousiours d'un langage maistral à ses seruiteurs, sans ieu, sans familiarité: soit enuers les masles, soit enuers les femelles. Car, outre ma raison, il est inhumain & iniuste de faire tant valloir cette telle quelle prerogative de la fortune; & les polices où il se souffre moins de disparité entre les valets et les maistres me semble plus equitables.

Peculiar piquancy and interest attached themselves in those days to conversation with a neighbor on the subject "de son bastiment et de sa querelle." Viewed in the light of events related in the anecdotes to be presently referred to, it is clear that not only æsthetic but defensive qualities were necessary for a satisfactory residence; and a disagreement with a neighbor who was supported by "followers very well mounted and armed, to the number of five-and-twenty or thirty," was one that invited discussion at considerable length and in some detail. In the four and a half centuries that have run their course since these lines were penned we have not done much, in England at least, to reduce the barrier between master and man. Many good, kind men would willingly converse more freely with their servants were the force of habit less binding; there is no *mauvaise honte* more oppressive than that which constrains such people to a silence which is attributed to *hauteur*, and cannot indeed be removed from the category of imperfect manners.

But a still worse fault and a more frequent is the ignoring of the presence of servants. Things are said before them utterly regardless either of prudence or of the effect on their feelings and morals. People converse at meals as freely as if the intelligent beings behind them in broadcloth or plush were deaf and dumb automata. It makes one shiver to think of the kind of thing that those who wait at any London dinner-party must overhear; the contrast between the freedom of conversation used *before* them, and the frigid, *saccadé* tone usually addressed to them, must sometimes give them plenty of material for thought.

Montaigne gives practical instances of the advantage of a pleasant countenance. He is so frankly egotist in discussing his own character, so little disposed to screen his vices or exalt his virtues, that one can scarcely refuse credence to a couple of anecdotes with which he illustrates his doctrine concerning a sweet manner. These contain, moreover, such lively pictures of incidents in the life of a French

country gentleman of the fifteenth century, that perhaps no apology is needed for repeating them; but so much of the aroma hangs round the old French of the original, that it is only out of consideration towards whomsoever may read these pages, that I refrain from quoting the whole passage in Montaigne's own words.

He describes how a certain neighbor and relation of his own endeavored to obtain possession of his house and person. Sitting one evening in his library, which he describes to us with such affectionate detail, perhaps composing one of his delightful essays, he was disturbed by a loud knocking at the gate of his chateau, which proceeded from this gentleman, who, seated on a horse ridden to a foam, loudly called for admission. He said he was flying from an enemy who had overtaken him in the neighborhood, and "luy avoit merveilleusement chaussé les esperons," had pressed him very hard. He also expressed himself as in great distress about his men, who had been scattered, and whom he feared were *morts ou prins*. Montaigne threw open his gates and endeavored *tout naïvement*, as he says, to comfort and refresh the knight. Soon after, the scattered following began to arrive by twos and threes to the number of five-and-twenty or thirty, all pretending to believe the enemy was at their heels. Then, *naïf* though he was, the scholar-knight began to smell a rat—"ce mystère commenceoit à taster mon souspeçon." Nevertheless he acted up to his principles, was urbane and solicitous for their safety, stabled their panting horses, and admitted them all. Then ensued the triumph of a good manner over ferocity. The courtyard was full of armed men, the two gentlemen were regaling themselves in the hall. The grace with which the involuntary host dispensed hospitality, and the affable way he chatted to his reprehensible cousin over their bottle, so won upon the latter's heart that he confessed his treachery, and gave up all idea of carrying it out. "Il se veit maistre de son entreprinse; et n'y restoit sur ce point que l'exécution. Souvent depuis il a dict, car il ne craignoit pas de faire ce conte, que mon visage et ma franchise luy avoient arraché la trahison des poings."

The other instance given by the seigneur savors less of "hame-sucken" and more of knight-errantry. He tells us how he was journeying through a very ticklish country ("par pais estrangement chatouilleux") when he found himself pursued by two or three parties of horse. On the

third day one of these overtook him, and he was charged by fifteen or twenty gentlemen, followed by "une ondée d'argoulets" — a band of ragamuffins. Overpowered by numbers, he was carried off into the forest, where his trunks were rifled and the horses of his men divided among his captors. Then ensued a wrangle about how he should be disposed of, which ended in Montaigne being mounted on a sorry jade and packed about his business. But he had not ridden off two or three musket-shots from the place before the charm began to work. The leader of the troop galloped after him, "avecques paroles plus douces," apologized for the inconvenience to which he had been put, made his knaves busy themselves in repacking his trunks, and set him on his own beast. He then raised his vizor, made himself known, and assured his late captive that he owed his release entirely to the exquisite courtesy of his demeanor, which he had maintained under such trying circumstances. "Me redict plusieurs fois que ie devois cette delivrance à mon visage, liberté et fermeté de mes paroles, qui me rendoient indigne d'une telle mesadventure."

Then, with an unusual access of piety, this quaint writer concludes: "Il est possible que la bonté divine se voulut servir de ce vain instrument (his pleasant manner) pour ma conservation; elle me defendit encores l'endemain d'autres pires embusches."

It would be ungenerous, especially after such a lapse of time, to attribute the change in manner and intent which the seigneur credits to his personal charm and frankness, to the fact that his captors may have mistaken him for some one else, and released him on discovering their mistake.

No one can have mixed much with people in a humble rank of life without having marked the patient sweetness with which they meet a thousand aggravating and irritating discomforts, any one of which would be apt to put a well-to-do person out of humor. Just as the wayside dandelion, drawing filth of the gutter into its veins, filters it by its own virtue into a beneficent juice, so among the poor there are those who change the use of adversity and the humiliation of disease into a spirit that sweetens all their surroundings. Following the example of the Seigneur de Montaigne, I am tempted to describe an incident in my own every-day experience, which, however, unlike those of that illustrious writer, tells of the influence of the

sweetness of others upon my own churlishness. It happened on a railway journey in the west of Scotland, on the Monday of Glasgow Fair; and whoever has experienced the vicissitudes of that anniversary must remember that it involves all the congestion, hurry, delay, discomfort, and ill-will of a dozen bank holidays in the south. I had important business to attend to in a distant town, and had to wait at a wayside station for an hour and a half beyond the time appointed for the train. When at last it appeared, every carriage was choked with excursionists; the observance of classes was annulled; first, second, third class — everything, even to the guard's van, was packed with folk. Finally, I was fain, muttering impotent vengeance upon unhallowed directors, to squeeze into a compartment already occupied by seven adults and two children. Though in a thoroughly bad temper, I could not but observe the suavity with which room was found for me by those already inconveniently crowded, and, of course, perfect strangers to me. Let any one who thinks this a trivial remark, try a similar experiment in a carriage filled with well-dressed pleasure-seekers, strangers to himself, bound, let us say, to Ascot races. He will not be inclined to repeat it. Gradually the contagion of good temper overcame my ill-humor. It was intensely hot, we were closely packed, and, to crown all, one of the children was taken violently ill. But nothing disturbed the equanimity of my fellow-travellers, nor the simple eagerness with which they noticed wayside objects and the incidents of the route. I parted company with them at the end of the journey, thoroughly penetrated with the lesson they had unconsciously administered, that sweetness of manner and consideration for others neutralize more than half of any discomfort we may be called on to endure. The poor are constantly in discomfort; their patience offers a reproachful contrast to the arrogance of the rich; and it is only by realizing this that the first beatitude — that spoken to the "poor in spirit" — can be understood.

Conversation is an important part — though only a part — of satisfying intercourse. The necessity for saying *something* weighs grievously upon most of us at times, and drives us to say many things which neither enrich nor adorn acquaintance. It is only among friends that periods of silence are endurable. The secret of interesting conversation is the same as that of literature — having something in the mind, something to say. Yet how

few people have minds furnished with anything but commonplace, or at least how few can produce acceptable fragments from a store of knowledge! Those who have devoted themselves arduously to intellectual work — specialists, in short, who know what work is — are often the pleasantest talkers. Not by any means on their special subjects alone, but on anything that stirs the intellects of others, by the reflex action of sympathy in mind to mind. Many of us must have felt contact with a trained intellect to be the best refreshment after the gabble of "society." As Mr. Hamerton says: "Severed from the vanities of the illusory, you will live with the realities of knowledge, as one who has quitted the painted scenery of the theatre to listen to the eternal ocean, or gaze at the granite hills."

It must, however, be confessed that it is often disappointing to meet with a brilliant writer, a renowned artist, or a distinguished scientist. Thrilled as we have often been by the accomplishments of such an one, it is vexatious to encounter in him tiresome tricks of manner, or perhaps to find him seeking relaxation from strain in those very trivialities from which we are anxious to escape. At other times he will sit silent while others' tongues are wagging. It is not the deepest streams that make the most noise. Here is a scrap of conversation — practically it was monologue — jotted down in a country-house smoking-room, where eight men of varied accomplishments were sitting. The speaker was a handsome young fellow, with a frank manner, a pleasant voice, and a fine, out-of-doors complexion, who had just returned from a voyage round the world: —

Oh, D. is a capital fellow to travel with; d—d clever chap; knows a lot, doncha know; all about china and pottery and books and that sort of thing, doncha know. Knew the Taj the moment he saw it, you know. D—d if I should have known the blessed thing, you know; but bless you, *he* knew it in a minute. Oh, he showed me a lot. I give you my word of honor, when we got back to London I stopped the cab in Trafalgar Square, and got out to look. I never knew there was anything there, you know; but X. had taught me to look about; and by — I think it's as fine as anything we saw all the way round. Oh, travellin' teaches one a lot, you know, etc., etc.

Now this young gentleman had received the immeasurable advantage of a first-rate education. He would, no doubt, if called on, risk his life to save a friend, or shed

the last drop of blood in his honest heart for his country. He will some day inherit a fair slice of the earth's crust, and be an example of the virtues and defects of an English squire. When the bright light shall have waned from his eyes, when anxiety and perplexity shall have graven their lines on his brow, when the charm of youth shall have melted away — what will remain? Alas! his prattle will no longer be endurable; he will be voted a bore; younger folk will get out of his way; his contemporaries will cling to him from habit, or because his cellar is stocked with choice wines, and his covers with plenty of pheasants. He will never earn that rarest of all distinctions, that of being a charming old man — one who, retaining the freshness of his natural faculties, imparts to others from his store of experience, and sympathizes with the hopes, fears, wishes, and aims of young people.

I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes.

Some people have the gift of pleasant deference in manner, which, though it may be acquired in some degree by study, is only secure of its effect when it arises from a sympathetic imagination. This was the secret of the late Lord Beaconsfield's extraordinary influence over the minds of others, especially of younger men. In conversation with one he used to give him the impression that it was *his* opinion he most desired to have — *his* experience he most coveted; and this idea was not conveyed by any formal words, rather by expression of deep eye and mobile lip — by manner rather than speech. Men are easily moved by this delicate flattery; they treasure up the words and traits of such an one, and dwell lovingly upon them in after years, when, perhaps, he shall have passed away.

Nor men alone; women (though the rules regulating *their* preference transcend definition) respond gratefully to its influence. The mode alters, but the spirit remains the same. Raleigh's gold-laced cloak flung across the miry pavement would find no approval nowadays; the action would be felt to be as stagey as the embroidery; we have passed into a dim age of broadcloth and chimney-pot hats. In outward mien we differ from the courtiers of Elizabeth as widely as the man past middle age differs from the lad whose photograph records what he once was. It is hard to believe the hair once clustered

so low and thick on the brow now so bare, — that the deeply graven cheeks were once so round and smooth. But the good-nature within will find expression in subtler ways. The late George Whyte-Melville, standing in a muddy street, was splashed from head to foot by a lady's carriage-and-pair suddenly pulled up beside the kerb. Hat, face, collar, coat, all were liberally bespattered; but almost before the lady could lean forward to express her concern, he exclaimed, "Ah, Mrs. A——! I thought it *must* be you; you always have the best horses in London."

Of all the weapons in the armory of intercourse this sixth sense is the most potent; it implies at once the perfect temper of the metal and the consummate ornament of the hilt. There is yet another that can hardly be acquired, least of all by our own countrymen. If laughter is that which distinguishes men from beasts, a smile is the badge of their fellowship with angels. It cannot be put on, it must come from the heart; for affectation, always hateful, is more repellent in an artificial smile than in any other guise. Have we but the heart to smile in difficulty or disaster, how these will melt away before us; how angry men's brows will unfurl and fists unclench, — for we know instinctively that none but the gentle *can* smile, just as none but the churlish can scowl. Sons, look in your mothers' faces with a smile; brothers, in your sisters'; let their memory of you when absent be of those who looked kindly on them; for, believe it, there is no pang more common, none more unquenchable, than the thought in after years that we wounded our loved ones with sour looks, born of passing discontent.

Of these supreme signs of graciousness may be written the legend once inscribed behind a sculptured group of the Graces:

Senza di noi ogni fatica è vana.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

From Murray's Magazine.
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.
AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MORTIMER IS CONFIDENTIAL.

MORTIMER blew shrilly upon a whistle which he drew from his waistcoat pocket

and received an answering signal from the yacht, whence a boat was at once lowered. A few minutes later he and his guest were standing upon the heaving deck of the Albatross, and Willie remarked, with calm resignation, "A quarter of an hour of this will about finish me, I expect."

"Oh, nonsense!" returned the other, "there isn't really any motion to speak of. Come below and have something to eat, and you'll soon forget that you aren't on dry land. We'll have some champagne, though, to make assurance doubly sure."

It may be doubted whether eating off a swinging table is a very good remedy for dizziness, but the virtues of champagne as a corrective have long been recognized by persons liable to sea-sickness, and Mr. Mortimer's champagne was of the best quality. As much could not be said for the solid food set before his guest, which was cooked after a fashion to which all yachtsmen must learn to submit, whether they pay their cooks highly or not, because no other is obtainable. Such as it was, however, Willie found himself able to partake of it and realized, to his great relief, that he was in no imminent danger of humiliating catastrophes. He was all the more glad of that because he was extremely curious to hear what was the nature of the confidence which Mortimer apparently meant to repose in him; so that it was a little disappointing to be catechized with regard to the sport that he had had in Kent and to listen to the vain regrets of a keen shot.

"To think that one should get so far on in the season as this without using a single cartridge!" sighed Mortimer mournfully. "Such a thing hasn't happened to me since I was a child. But this has been an exceptional sort of year all round. I don't want ever to spend another like it, I know that much."

He became more explicit — the champagne possibly helping to loosen his tongue — when luncheon had been disposed of. He then conducted his friend to a recess at the foot of the companion which had been fitted up as a smoking-room, with a divan upon which recumbent smokers could wedge themselves into a position of comparative stability, and, having given him a cigar and lighted one himself, began, —

"I suppose you know why I'm here now, Brett."

"Yes," answered Willie slowly, "I suppose I do."

"Well, it's evident of course. Nobody would come yachting to Torquay in the

beginning of winter unless he had a pretty good reason for it. All the same, I'm beginning to doubt whether I haven't come here on a fool's errand after all. What do you think? You're an unprejudiced, disinterested outsider, and I should like to hear your opinion. Candidly now, what do you think?"

Willie could not disclaim the unprejudiced and disinterested character ascribed to him, but he professed himself quite incapable of forming a trustworthy judgment upon the question as to which he was consulted. "I don't exactly understand what you mean," he said. "I imagine that you are here on Lady Evelyn Foljambe's account; but I can't possibly tell whether she intends to accept you or not, if that is what you want to know. How could I? I'm not half as well acquainted with her as you are; and besides, I've been away."

"Oh, yes, and so has she, for the matter of that. I can't help fancying that she went away on purpose."

"But she is coming back this evening, you say."

"Yes, she is coming back this evening; she was bound to come back some time or other, you know. But I thought you might have heard or noticed something before you left. Did she ever speak to you about me?"

"She did once or twice," answered Willie, who remembered quite well what she had said and felt that it would not bear repetition, "but I didn't gather very much from that, one way or the other. I am really as much in the dark as you are."

"You must be hopelessly in the dark, then. Honestly speaking, I did believe that she cared for me last season in London. You may call me conceited if you like, but I think I had some excuse for believing that. She knew I was coming to Torquay in the autumn; she must have known why I was coming, and she certainly seemed to encourage me. So did her mother."

Willie made a murmur of assent.

"Ah, I see! You think her mother had more to say to that than she had, and I'm afraid you're right, Brett. Still, Lady Wetherby isn't a match-making old woman, and, when all's said, I'm no such extraordinary catch. I'm sure you're thinking a lot more than you choose to say. Speak out, like a good fellow; you won't offend me, I promise you."

This was really a most embarrassing request, and to comply with it, while at the same time steering clear of offensive-

ness, would have required more wit or duplicity than Willie could boast of. He got out of the difficulty by answering, "My thoughts don't matter; the only important question for you is what Lady Evelyn thinks, and you can't find that out without asking her. Why don't you?"

"Because, my dear fellow, she won't give me the chance. I suppose, if I've been upon the brink of proposing to her once, I've been upon the brink ten times, and each time she has contrived to put me off. You have no idea what a hand she is at that kind of thing. I believe I can stand chaff about as well as most people, but there are times, don't you know, when one doesn't want to be chaffed." Mortimer scratched the back of his head, tilting his yachting cap over his eyes, and added ruefully, "Hang me if I can make out what she's driving at!"

"The only plan is to ask her," said Willie again.

"Well, I suppose so; although I must confess that I don't feel very confident. It looks to me as if she didn't wish to be driven into a corner—as if she hadn't quite made up her mind whether to say yes or no. And I suspect that that is what made her go away."

Willie opined that Lady Evelyn had now had time enough to ascertain her own wishes and that she might reasonably be requested to state them. "If it's a fair question, Mortimer," he ventured to ask in conclusion, "are you—are you very fond of her?"

Mortimer looked a little foolish. "Oh, of course," he answered. "One wouldn't want to spend the rest of one's life with a girl unless one was fond of her."

He jumped off his seat, ran up the companion and studied the weather for a moment. Then he returned, and, throwing himself down upon the divan again, resumed: "While I'm at it, I may as well tell the whole truth. I don't think I cared so very much about her in London; only I liked her, and I was under the impression that she liked me, and my people are always bothering me to marry. But since I have felt less sure of her it has been rather different. Oh, I'm in love with her right enough, if that's what you mean."

"Then," said Willie rather curtly—for, somehow or other, this information was something of a disappointment to him—"all you have to do is to find out whether she is in love with you."

"Exactly so; and I'm very much afraid that she isn't. I don't know how or why

it is; but she has certainly changed of late. I should understand it if she had been seeing other fellows; but she hasn't, you know. There isn't a soul in Torquay whom she could possibly have taken a fancy to, except yourself, and I dare say you won't think me insulting if I say that I see no reason to be afraid of you."

Willie managed to force out a laugh, though he felt his cheeks reddening. "I'm not very formidable," he answered; "ladies aren't much in the habit of becoming enamored of me."

"Oh, I don't know why they shouldn't be," Mortimer declared generously; "I've no doubt they'd think you no end of a fellow if you took the trouble to be attentive to them; but you're hardly a ladies' man, are you? All I meant to say was that in this particular instance you are not to be dreaded. To be perfectly candid, I did for a moment imagine that there might be something between you and her; so I took an opportunity of asking her what she thought of you."

"And she set your mind at ease, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; she set my mind at ease. Not that she said a word against you, you understand; on the contrary, she praised you up to the skies. Only one knows the sort of feeling that women have about a man whom they praise in that way. He's everything that you please as a friend; but he wouldn't exactly suit them as a husband."

Having thus incidentally crushed the life out of any insane hopes that may have been rising in the breast of his confidant, Mr. Mortimer proceeded: "The long and the short of it is, then, that you advise me not to shilly-shally any longer? You don't think I should improve my chances by waiting a bit?"

Willie was able to reply honestly that he should recommend prompt action. If Lady Evelyn had not yet made up her mind, it did not seem likely that further delay could bring her nearer to a decision.

Mortimer nodded. "All right," said he; "the deed shall be done to-morrow, if only this vile wind will moderate. You might be good-natured and come with us — will you? Then you could entertain the old lady, as you did before, you know, and I could find an occasion to say my little say and have done with it."

Good-natured as he was, Willie demurred to this unpalatable proposition.

"You will get on all right without me," he answered; "Lady Wetherby is on your

side, and she isn't likely to thrust her company upon you."

"Oh, she will be quite willing to make herself scarce," agreed Mortimer; "I know that. It's Lady Evelyn whom I'm doubtful about. I'm as certain as I sit here that she doesn't want to be brought to bay, and there's no getting rid of third persons unless the whole three are of one mind. If you were with us, you could easily lend me a helping hand, don't you see?"

To such an appeal only one response was possible, and indeed it did not greatly signify. If one is to be condemned to inevitable suffering, one may as well be present when sentence is passed as not. Willie, therefore, accepted the humble task of usefulness assigned to him, and having done so, rose, saying that it was time for him to be off. Mortimer, however, was very unwilling to let him go. He had to admit that he had nothing particular to do, and, as a result of that admission, he had to listen for another hour to confidences which he would fain have dispensed with. With unintentional cruelty, Mortimer expatiated upon Lady Evelyn's many charms and good qualities, protesting his complete faith in her, notwithstanding all that he had heard about her heartlessness.

"She isn't a flirt in reality," he was good enough to explain; "but I suppose that, like all women, she has a hankering after admiration, and very likely she sees no harm in giving a certain amount of encouragement to fellows who haven't serious intentions and whom she wouldn't dream of marrying if they had. Only I have always fancied that she treated me rather differently from the others. Of course I may be quite wrong, though; what do you think yourself?"

This question was repeated in one form or another again and again, to the discomfort of poor Willie, who kept on answering that he really knew nothing about it. It was rather hard upon him that he should be asked to cheer the spirits and allay the misgivings of a rival who seemed to have every chance of success. His patience almost broke down when he was begged to say quite honestly whether he believed Lady Evelyn capable of consenting to arrangements made on her behalf by her family, without regard to her personal predilections.

"Because I don't want to be accepted on those terms, you know," Mortimer declared. "I'd a good deal rather be told straight out that she liked me well enough,

but didn't care for me in the way that I care for her."

"How can I possibly judge of her feelings!" exclaimed Willie. "From the little that I have seen of her, I should think that if you asked her she would answer you truly; but you yourself say that I am not a ladies' man. If you are in the dark, it stands to reason that I must be much more so."

At length he was permitted to depart; and dismal enough were his reflections after he had been put ashore and had started on the uphill road which led towards his mother's house. Setting one consideration against another, the evidence of facts doubtless told in Mortimer's favor. Lady Evelyn might have gone away out of coquetry, or simply because she had thought that a little change of scene would be agreeable; but it was perfectly plain that if she had intended to refuse her suitor, she would have allowed him to propose to her and have got rid of him. Hesitation may mean fifty things, but it cannot mean a negative decision. As for himself, he was convinced now, if he had not been so before, that he was nothing more to her than a casual and rather pleasant acquaintance. Mortimer's report of the manner in which she had spoken about him was conclusive upon that point.

He might or might not have been in some measure comforted if he could have overheard a conversation which was at that moment taking place between Lady Evelyn and her mother. The girl, who had just arrived from her journey, was seated beside the tea-table, with her hat and jacket on, and had been informed that, should the weather prove propitious on the morrow, she would be expected to pay a farewell visit to the Albatross. The announcement apparently did not please her; for she made an impatient gesture and exclaimed,—

"What a miserable want of originality! I should have thought that in all this time Mr. Mortimer might have hit upon some new idea. I don't think I was ever so tired of anything in my life as I am of sailing round Torbay in that yacht."

"I am sure you can't dread the prospect half so much as I do, my dear," answered her mother rather dolefully. "You at least are a good sailor, whereas I am a disgracefully bad one. Even if the wind drops, as it seems to be doing, one can't expect that horrible sea to have quieted down by to-morrow."

"But if you don't want to go, and I don't want to go, why on earth are we going?"

Lady Evelyn inquired.

"Oh, I think we ought. Mr. Mortimer only came to Torquay on our account, you must remember, and I am afraid he has found it very dull while you have been away; and—and it is the last time that he will ask us to go out sailing with him, you see."

"Yes; there is a grain of consolation in that thought. Moreover, if we didn't go out sailing with him, he would come to luncheon here and stay the whole afternoon, I suppose. All the same, I wish we could get hold of some amiable fourth person to square the party. Mr. Brett would have been invaluable; but he is still away, isn't he?"

"I believe he has returned," answered Lady Wetherby, a momentary cloud overspreading her good-humored face; "his mother was here this afternoon, and she told me that he had come back. But I don't think I will ask him to join us in another yachting excursion; he didn't enjoy himself very much the last time."

"Didn't he?" asked Lady Evelyn innocently. "I'm sure it was no fault of yours or mine if he didn't; for we both tried our little best to entertain him. What makes you think that he found us tedious?"

Lady Wetherby laughed. "I didn't say he had found us tedious; I said he didn't enjoy himself, and I doubt whether he would enjoy a repetition of the dose, poor boy! Anyhow, I can't invite him; the Albatross doesn't belong to me."

"I shouldn't feel the slightest scruple about inviting him if I wanted him," observed Lady Evelyn pensively; "but after all, I don't know that I do particularly want him. Anybody else would do quite as well. Perhaps Mr. Archdale might be induced to honor us with his company."

Lady Wetherby thought not. "From what I hear," said she, "Mr. Archdale prefers playing whist at the club to doing anything else. Besides, we couldn't very well ask him without Marcia."

"In that case," said Lady Evelyn, "perhaps we had better not ask him. I can't understand how such a nasty woman as Mrs. Archdale ever contrived to have such a nice son as Mr. Brett."

"She isn't so very nasty and he isn't so very nice," returned her mother. "You jump to conclusions about people much too hastily, my dear."

"Do I? Well, you can't accuse me of

having jumped hastily to any conclusion about Mr. Mortimer, who is neither nasty nor nice, handsome nor ugly, clever nor stupid. The only positive thing that I can discover about him is his income; but I suppose that is the most important thing that can be discovered about anybody, isn't it?"

CHAPTER XL.

ROUGH-WEATHER SAILING.

WHEN the autumnal equinox is over and the south-westerly gales have blown themselves out, the wind commonly veers towards the north or west, and in favorable years there follows a period of still, sunny days and starry nights, with a touch of frost in the air. In unfavorable years (these are perhaps the more numerous) sharp squalls of wind and rain sweep in from the same quarter, alternating with bright intervals, a condition of things tolerable enough to people on dry land who carry umbrellas, but full of discomfort for those whom the pursuit of business or pleasure tempts to sail upon the sea. Now, the day which Mr. Mortimer had fixed upon as the last of his nautical career for that season was of the latter uncertain type. There was no denying that it was a fine morning; but over the distant hills of Dartmoor there hung a black cloud, with sun-rays streaming up above it and an ominous grey appearance below it; so that Lady Wetherby, as she stood upon the terrace in front of her villa and anxiously surveyed the horizon, shading her eyes with her hand, heaved a deep sigh.

"I suppose it will do," she observed to her daughter; "one can't very well say that it won't do. Only I am certain that as soon as we are well out to sea something horrible will happen."

"Then we'll stay at home," answered Lady Evelyn decisively. "We would do a great deal to please Mr. Mortimer—that's understood—but I don't see why we should run the risk of being drowned to please him."

"Oh, I dare say there isn't much danger of that," rejoined her mother; "the Albatross is seaworthy, I believe, and there is no appearance of a storm approaching. But unfortunately something very far short of a storm will suffice to make me quite indifferent to the prospect of death. There's no help for it, my dear; go we must. All I beg of you is that you will not ask me to remain on deck. It is just wildly possible that, by lying on the

flat of my back in the cabin and shutting my eyes, I may manage to pull through."

So the messenger whom Mr. Mortimer had despatched from the yacht, and who was waiting for a reply, was sent away with a verbal intimation to the effect that the ladies would be at the landing-steps in about twenty minutes, and the elder of them prepared herself to undergo one of those forms of martyrdom to which all good mothers must occasionally submit for their daughters' sake. If in this instance the daughter of the martyr was far from grateful, there was nothing surprising or unusual about her ingratitude; few people understand what their true interests are, and fewer still return thanks to those who endeavor to promote them.

During the drive down to the quay Lady Evelyn was taciturn and depressed; she seated herself in the gig with the half-resigned, half-impatient air of one who foresees annoyance, and, as the men gave way, she remarked gloomily: "Well, we are in for it now! I only hope that, whatever comes of this, nobody will be so unfair as to blame me. I didn't want to go to sea to-day."

However, she brightened up wonderfully when she stepped on board and recognized the figure of Willie Brett, stationed a few paces behind the owner of the vessel. "This is really kind of you!" she exclaimed, shaking hands cordially with the young man. "I know you can't be here for pleasure—no mortal could. So I shall take the liberty of assuming that you came out of sheer charity and because you realized that Mr. Mortimer would be much too busy sailing the ship to waste time in entertaining me."

And it pleased her to maintain this preposterous assumption, notwithstanding all the assurances to the contrary that she received from those who were in a position to speak authoritatively. In vain Mortimer protested that he had nothing whatsoever to say to the navigation of the Albatross; in vain Willie, true to the distasteful task which he had undertaken, endeavored to efface himself; there is no permissible method of shaking off a lady who is determined to cling to you, and Lady Evelyn did not conceal her determination.

"Go away and steer," she said to Mortimer, as soon as they were out of the harbor. "You want to steer—you know you do! Added to which, I want to talk to Mr. Brett in private, so that there isn't the slightest excuse for your remaining with us against your will."

Mortimer laughed rather ruefully, shrugged his shoulders and walked aft. The day, to be sure, was still young, and he presumed that his opportunity would come later. But Willie, who was thus left in what seemed to be an enviable situation (for Lady Wetherby had lost no time in going below), was not much elated by it. For all his innocence, he could not but perceive that this openly avowed desire for his company was not really flattering.

"What do you want to talk to me about in private, Lady Evelyn?" he inquired, with a somewhat melancholy smile.

"That is just what I don't know," she replied candidly. "However, I dare say I shall be able to think of something presently, and in the mean time we have got rid of our genial host, whom I don't wish to have upon my hands for the entire day. Why are you back in Torquay, if one may ask? Have you made your peace with your uncle, or have you quarrelled with him?"

"I haven't quarrelled with him," answered Willie, a little surprised; "I should be very sorry to do that."

"Oh, you would? I didn't know. Of course you are quite right, and it is a dreadful mistake to quarrel with one's bread and butter; only I fancied somehow that you were the sort of person to throw away a fortune for an idea."

"How do you mean?" inquired Willie.

"I only mean that, from what I have heard, you are doing rather a risky thing in irritating that old uncle of yours. I suppose your returning here, instead of staying with him, irritates him, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I hope not. He isn't on speaking terms with my mother, and perhaps he would be better pleased if she were not upon speaking terms with me; but he has been quite reasonable about it. He made conditions, as he had every right to do; but I think he understands that some allowance must be made for human nature."

"Well, if you have persuaded him that it is a part of human nature to revolt against arbitrary interference, that is very clever of you, and I trust he will leave you his money, notwithstanding your obstinacy. The one essential thing for all of us appears to be that we should get hold of money; so long as we do that, we may make idiots of ourselves in other ways to our hearts' content."

Willie said that was not at all his view of the whole duty of man — or woman.

"It's mine, then. At least, I think it is. Ignoble, if you like, but necessary; and a good deal more necessary in the case of women than in the case of men. Men, after all, can earn their own living; but women, or at any rate women of my class, can't, and we are always taught that it is our chief duty to marry rich men. Mamma is as unworldly as anybody whom I have ever met; yet I know that that is her opinion, and that she will be grievously disappointed if I don't act upon it."

"Do you mean to act upon it?" Willie could not help asking.

"Am I bound to answer that question, Mr. Brett?"

"Of course not. Only I think you rather invited it?"

"Oh, dear, no; I was only inviting you to answer it for me. But you aren't polite enough, or else you are too honest. Well, I know what you think, and I dare say you are right. I shall probably end by doing my duty. As far as that goes, I shall probably begin by doing it."

Nobody could speak more plainly, and it seemed to Willie that such candor fully entitled him to state in general terms what his views were with regard to loveless marriages. This he proceeded to do at some length and with no little earnestness, forgetting in the ardor of the controversy which ensued that he had not been invited to join the Albatross that day in order that he might engross the whole attention of the lady on whose account alone the yacht had left her moorings.

Lady Evelyn, for her part, seemed to be equally oblivious of the ill-used and impatient man at the wheel. She argued with a good deal of dexterity, and although she admitted the desirability of love-matches in the abstract, she gave it to be understood that she regarded them rather as lucky accidents than as objects to be aimed at.

"Don't look so shocked and distressed," said she; "we are what we have been brought up to be, and I wasn't trained in a romantic school."

Willie sighed. "You don't speak as if you very much liked the school in which you were brought up," he ventured to remark.

"Oh, I like it or I dislike it — what does it matter? I am what I am, and things are what they are, and we can't change them. Perhaps we have discussed the question long enough now."

They had certainly been discussing it for a good long time. The Albatross, run-

ning before a fresh breeze, was well out to sea, and Mortimer, who had been vainly endeavoring to catch his friend's eye, contrived to do so now. He made an expressive grimace, which was rightly interpreted in the quarter to which it was addressed as meaning that this sort of thing was rather more than had been bargained for. Willie responded by a slight movement of his shoulders and eyebrows. It was no fault of his that he had been detained in a conversation which he had not sought; still he felt a little guilty about it, and it seemed to him that his obvious duty was to efface himself. He therefore rose somewhat abruptly from the wicker chair in which he had been seated, murmuring something about its being time for him to take his share of the work. As a matter of fact, he did not gain possession of the tiller, because the skipper, who advanced at the same moment, would not allow him to do so; but the effect of his manœuvre was to release Mortimer, and how could he help it if Lady Evelyn chose immediately to disappear down the companion?

"You see how it is," said Mortimer disconsolately, when the two young men were left on deck together; "she is evidently determined not to give me a chance if she can help it. Between you and me, Brett, I've half a mind to chuck the whole thing up; goodness knows I don't want to force myself upon anybody."

And, as his friend remained silent, he continued with a touch of irritability, "What do you think yourself? What has she been talking about to you all this time? Did she mention me?"

"Not by name," answered Willie hesitatingly.

"Oh, she did mention me by implication then? I thought as much! Well, you know, if it comes to her discussing me with outsiders, it's pretty plain that she can't care about me personally, and I'm sure I don't want to be accepted for any other reason. She told you that she was being urged to marry me by her mother, I suppose?"

"No, she didn't say that," answered Willie, endeavoring to combine truth with discretion. "Somehow or other, I don't quite remember how, we got on the subject of marriage, and she talked as though income were the only important consideration. But I really don't know whether she meant what she said, and perhaps she wasn't thinking about you at all. Hadn't you better go below and ask her? I'm

sure she will be honest with you if you do."

Mortimer was not quite so confident about that. Rightly or wrongly, he conceived that Lady Evelyn had given him a great deal of encouragement and that her present conduct was not only capricious but unfair. He was disinclined either to give her the cheap triumph of having brought him to her feet and refused him or to accept a success due solely to his rent-roll and his highly respectable position in society. However, it need scarcely be said that he eventually acted upon the advice offered to him and descended into the main cabin, leaving Willie to study the appearance of the sky and the sea, which was becoming more and more threatening.

Little enough did Willie care about the black, ragged cloud which was sweeping over Paignton and the white-crested waves by which the bay astern was beginning to be covered, though he stared at these portents as if they interested him profoundly. He knew, or thought he knew, very well what was going on beneath his feet at that moment. Lady Wetherby had made herself scarce — of course she would make herself scarce — Mortimer was pleading his cause; Lady Evelyn was laughing and pretending to be sceptical — was perhaps really feeling sceptical. But presently her scepticism would be vanquished; she would realize that her lover was a good, kind-hearted fellow, that his love was not to be lightly rejected by one who, at all events, loved no one else better; she would yield more or less reluctantly, and in a minute or two Mortimer would come up on deck, with a radiant countenance to announce that it was "all right."

Nothing, in truth, was more probable than the verification of this forecast; yet, when Mortimer reappeared, his countenance was anything but radiant, and all he had to announce was that they must put back to Torquay at once.

"The old lady's sick," said he briefly and rather sulkily. "I don't see that there's much excuse for it; but sick she is, and though she swears she doesn't mind, Lady Evelyn insists upon her being put ashore. Well, I suppose it would be inhuman to refuse. Besides, Lady Evelyn won't leave her."

He gave the requisite instructions and sharply countermanded his skipper's orders to shorten sail. "The sooner we get back into smooth water the better," he said; "there's a nasty squall coming up

which sea-sick people wouldn't like. We may just escape it if we look sharp."

"I doubt we shan't escape it, sir," answered the skipper; "and we're bound to carry away something if it catches us."

"I don't care if we carry away the mainmast," returned Mortimer impatiently; "you won't be held responsible, anyhow. Mind your head, Brett; we're going about."

Like many other good-humored men, Mortimer was not disposed to tolerate opposition on those rare occasions when his good-humor deserted him. His subordinates were doubtless aware of that; otherwise he would hardly have been permitted under such a spread of canvas to steer as straight as the wind would allow for the black cloud which was now rushing towards them across the water, and which there was not the slightest probability of their avoiding. Indeed, ten minutes had not elapsed before the squall was upon them and the skipper's prophecy had been fulfilled.

What with the roaring of the wind, the driving rain and the showers of blinding spray, the few moments which followed were moments of confusion and bewilderment both for Mortimer and for the two ladies, who, startled by the sudden heeling over of the vessel and the crash of the falling topmast, had rushed up on deck to see what was the matter. Mortimer had to assure them that they were not in any danger and that nothing worse had happened than the loss of a little gear, which was of no consequence at all. Something worse had happened; but neither he nor they were aware of it until the deck had been cleared of the broken spar and the tangle of rigging which had come down with it. Then they saw that four of the hands were stooping over something or somebody, and Mortimer said, "Hullo! where's Brett? I hope he hasn't been hurt."

He hurried forward, followed by the ladies; though he waved them back, wishing to spare them a sickening spectacle. Willie lay under the bulwarks, where he had fallen, drenched with salt water. His face was covered with blood, his head, which the men had raised a little, had fallen back, his eyes were vacant and glazed.

"Good God!" ejaculated Mortimer involuntarily, "he's dead!"

"I think he's still breathin', sir," one of the men said, "and the blood don't seem to have stopped flowin'."

But if this was not actual death, it was so near an approach to it as to be to all intents and purposes the same thing. A man whose skull has been split open is a dead man, whether he continues to breathe for a while or not, and so Lady Evelyn must have thought; for in the presence of such a calamity she became oblivious of everything and everybody else.

"Oh, my love!" she exclaimed, as, with clasped hands and dilated eyes, she gazed down upon the motionless figure at her feet.

Her mother heard her; so did Mortimer, and so did the crew. But she would not at that moment have cared if all the world had heard her; nor, indeed, were her neighbors in a mood to be shocked by any breach of conventionality. So strong is our instinctive clinging to the existence which we must all resign sooner or later, and so terrible does the premature death of a fellow-mortal appear to us, that when so great a catastrophe seems to be imminent, all other considerations sink into comparative insignificance in our eyes. In Mortimer's head, at all events, there was for the time being only room for one idea, and probably Lady Wetherby felt very much as he did, although calmer reflection might have persuaded both of them that, if Willie Brett was dead, the misfortune was not quite the worst that could have fallen upon them.

Willie, however, was not yet dead. He was perhaps going to die; but as to that they could form no opinion. They got him down into the cabin and washed the deep, jagged wound upon his head and forced some brandy between his white lips; more than that their scant knowledge of surgery did not enable them to do. He remained rigid and unconscious, and they could but trust that they had not, through ignorance, neglected any means of restoring animation which ought to have been resorted to.

Lady Evelyn neither gave assistance nor was asked for any. She had sunk down upon a chair, where she sat, unnoticed, staring straight before her in a dazed way, with her hands still tightly clasped. She only spoke once, when she inquired how long they would be in getting back to Torquay.

"I don't know," answered Mortimer, glancing at her and knitting his brows wonderingly for an instant; "not very long, I hope. But I'll run up on deck and have a look at the weather."

The weather by this time had tempora-

rily improved. The squall had passed out to sea, the sun was shining, and there was a brisk wind, although, unfortunately, it was a contrary one. The Albatross had suffered no damage beyond the loss of her topmast, and was making good headway; so that Mortimer, when he went below again, could give an encouraging report to the anxious ladies.

Nevertheless, an interval which seemed to them interminable elapsed before Torquay harbor was made; after which they had to endure another weary half hour of waiting. But at length a doctor, who by good luck had been recognized and stopped near the quay, was brought on board, and his verdict, when he had made a hasty examination of the patient, was not such as to exclude all hope.

"To the best of my belief," said he, "the injuries are not in themselves fatal; of course I can't tell yet what the effect of the shock to the system may be. We must have him carried home and put to bed as soon as possible. Perhaps somebody will go on and prepare his friends. I think you said that his mother is living here?"

"I suppose I had better go," observed Mortimer, with a rueful countenance.

But Lady Wetherby, who during all this time had forgotten the existence of such a malady as sea-sickness, and had behaved like the excellent and courageous creature that she was, unhesitatingly took upon herself a task which anybody might have been pardoned for shirking. "It will be easier for me to break the news to poor Marcia than it would be for you," she said; "if you give me five minutes' start, that will be quite enough, because you will have to drive slowly." She added, in a lower voice: "I shall put Evelyn into a fly, and send her straight home; she is too much upset to be of any use to you."

Lady Evelyn acquiesced without a word when she was told what was to be done with her, and as soon as the two ladies had left the yacht, the doctor remarked: "Now, that is what I call a good, sensible woman. I only hope the poor young fellow's mother may be like her."

"As far as I can judge, Mrs. Archdale isn't at all like Lady Wetherby," Mortimer answered. "However, I suppose it won't very much matter if she does make a scene. He won't recover consciousness for another hour or so, will he?"

"Oh dear no; there isn't the slightest chance of that. Indeed, now that we are alone, I may tell you that it is doubtful whether he will ever recover consciousness at all."

From Temple Bar.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DUCHESS.

VISITORS to the Tudor Exhibition may have noticed the pleasant face of a lady in a portrait (No. 192) placed among those belonging to the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary. It represents one who experienced strange vicissitudes in the stormy years of the middle of the sixteenth century. She was daughter and heiress of a baron of the ancient line of Willoughby de Eresby. She was a duchess when there were only two dukes in England. She filled the place in her husband's house left vacant by the death of a queen dowager of France. She became the step-mother of a family into which there more than once seemed a great chance that the English crown would pass. Then, in the prime of a blameless life, she was left homeless and almost penniless, an outcast driven from the doors of the poorest inns as a woman who would pollute them, and forced in wintry rain and wind to seek a resting-place for the night in an open porch like a common tramp.

Lady Katherine Willoughby was very young when her father died in 1525. Her mother was a Spanish lady, a faithful friend of Queen Katherine of Arragon, after whom Lady Katherine was probably named. On her father's death she became a royal ward, and in 1529 Henry assigned her guardianship to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The duke had to pay a substantial sum for the grant made to him, and he could afford to do so, for his cares as guardian were lightened by his right to receive for his own benefit the income of the young lady's estates in Lincolnshire and elsewhere. The new guardian was an intimate friend and associate of the king, with whom he shared many tastes and opinions. In particular he had something of his sovereign's liking for variety in wives, ingenuity in finding reasons for changing them, and dislike to a prolonged vacancy in the office. Although still a young man he had already had two wives when he was sent by the king early in 1515 on a mission to Paris. Mary, the king's younger sister, had been married in the preceding October to the late French king, Louis XII. She was seventeen, he was fifty-three. She was lively as became her years, he was a feeble invalid. With the resolution of a Tudor she insisted on a revolution in his household arrangements. A fresh hour was appointed for dinner; in fact, the king was made to dine as late as noon. He had previously been accustomed to dine at

eight in the morning, and the change, together with a general increase of gaiety at court, proved fatal to the poor king. In less than three months Mary was a widow and queen dowager. The lawyers were soon at work, and the Duke of Suffolk came over to make arrangements about her jewels and dower. In his conferences with the young queen he did not confine himself exclusively to matters of business, but touched on tenderer topics with such effect that within a few weeks after Louis' death the young widow became the duke's third wife. She was still living when he became Lady Katherine's guardian, but lived only four years longer. She died on the 23rd of June, 1533.

The duke was thus left a widower once more, and had to derive such consolation as he could from a grant of the revenues of the vacant see of Ely towards payment of the undertaker's charges, and from the reflection that what had been done three times might be done a fourth. He must often have had before his mind the question of his fair ward's marriage, young though she was. Indeed, if we believe the statement on the portrait at the Tudor Exhibition, that she was in her twenty-eighth year in 1548, she could not have been much over thirteen when the duke's wife died. But girls married in those days at such an early age as to surprise us, and Lady Katherine is not likely to have lacked suitors. Her qualities were attractive and her fortune considerable. The duke as guardian was practically entitled to sell her hand to the highest bidder, and if he did so her husband would thenceforth receive her income. The duke had been receiving this for some years, and it occurred to him that he might continue to do so as husband if not as guardian, and he was able to convince himself that, his late wife having married him after not a very long widowhood, he would be showing the truest respect to her memory by again following the practice she approved.

Lady Katherine was not unwilling, and her wedding with the duke was fixed for September 7th. We can guess what the world was saying from a contemporary letter. There were then neither special correspondents nor society papers, and ambassadors were expected to send their masters, if these had a taste for gossip, fashionable intelligence in their despatches. Chapuys, who represented the emperor Charles V. in London, wrote to his master on September 3rd, and his letter said:—

On Sunday next the Duke of Suffolk will be married to the daughter of a Spanish lady named Willoughby. She was promised to his son, but he is only ten years old, and although it is not worth mentioning to your Majesty, the novelty of the case makes me mention it. The duke will have done a service to the ladies, who can point to his example when they are reproached, as is usual, with marrying again immediately after the death of their husbands. The king has given him, in compensation, I think, for the expense he had in the burial of his late wife, the fruits of a vacant bishopric.

So Lady Katherine married the duke, and he found a very excellent wife. They had two sons, but no daughter. She evidently became an accomplished woman, and wrote most admirable letters, simple and sensible, and without a trace of pedantry. She was a good and attentive friend, an affectionate and judicious mother, and kindly and liberal in her ways, but she was no prodigal, and objected to supporting her friends' children and their attendants for an indefinite period when they had relatives better able to do so. She was lively in her manners, and had a fault which must have made her an entertaining companion to those who liked to be amused; she loved a joke and to say the sharp things which her liveliness suggested, with very little regard of the consequences. Although she did not neglect her home duties, she took her natural place at court and in society among the leading men and women of the day. The twelve years of her union with the duke must have been anxious ones for the wife of a public man. Venerable institutions were going down with a crash, priors were suffering on the gallows, earls and countesses following one another to the scaffold. Queen succeeded queen at Henry's side as fair means or foul removed her predecessor, and in ten years the duchess must have been presented to no less than five. But her social duties were not limited to appearance at court. From time to time she entertained her friends at her own house. At one of her dinner-parties she had among her guests the great Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. He was one of the foremost champions of the old form of religion. The duchess was inclined to the "new profession," and the bishop was no favorite of hers. When dinner was announced as ready, the hosts did not assign the ladies to the care of particular gentlemen, but invited the ladies to choose as partners the gentlemen whom they liked best. The duke was soon appropriated, and Bishop Gardiner fell to

the lot of the duchess — history does not tell us exactly how. Perhaps the clergy of the higher ranks were less favored by ladies than they are supposed to be now, and the duchess, finding the bishop left out in the cold, kindly took pity on him. Or she may have selected him out of *malice prepense*. At all events, he seems to have been a little surprised when the duchess took his arm, and an explanation followed. The duchess told him that since she could not have the duke whom she liked best, she had taken the bishop whom she liked least. This was not a polite thing for the duchess to say to her own guest; probably it was said more in jest than earnest and accompanied by a smile which should have disarmed resentment. But the bishop did not like it. His displeasure did not show itself by any retort or violation of good manners. He did what was much worse, he remembered the wretched joke.

Time went on. The duke grew old, fell sick, and died. Two years after, Henry VIII. followed him. The duchess had a busy widowhood. She had her duties as executrix, her sons' education to look after, and her property and servants to manage. Above all, there were divines and learned men of reforming views to converse and correspond with. They showed no distaste to the patronage of the great lady, and she grew more and more attached to their principles. Her boys grew apace. Teachers of sound views were found for them, and at length the duchess resolved that they should be entered at a college at Cambridge. The watchful mother went thither with her sons. The society of the learned Reformers who lived there — and Cambridge was the favorite university of their party — was, no doubt, a great attraction to her. She had a special affection for Martin Bucer, a foreign Reformer of great fame, who taught divinity at Cambridge. She honored and delighted him with the gift of a cow and a calf. The good man, when wearied with his studies, was wont to seek a little relaxation by walking into the fields to see these new acquisitions. Probably he had never owned cow or calf before, and the magic of proprietorship induced him to linger and watch the gambols of the younger animal with more interest and for a longer time than would otherwise have been the case. His visits to the cow and calf gave rise to a grievous slander. The anti-Reformers spread a report that the cow and calf were evil

spirits who furnished Bucer with materials for his divinity lectures.

In the summer of 1551, when the young Duke of Suffolk, the duchess's eldest son, was about sixteen, England was overrun by a dreadful disease, the sweating sickness. This was as ubiquitous and struck down its victims as suddenly as the influenza, that unwelcome visitor which has lately forced its acquaintance upon us. The epidemic was deadly, no remedy was really of much use, but a number of prescriptions have been preserved. Fuller mentions one strange mode of treatment as very successful. The patient had simply to go to bed in his clothes and lie there without going to sleep for twenty-four hours. The disease reached Cambridge. Many fatal cases occurred there, and the duchess hurried her boys off to Bugden in Huntingdonshire, where Bishop Holbeach, an old tutor of theirs, had a residence, but without avail. They were taken ill; the elder died five hours after he was attacked, and the younger only half an hour later. On the death of "these two worthy imps," as an admiring writer calls them, the dukedom of Suffolk became extinct, the last holder of the title having thus held it for only half an hour.

The poor duchess felt her loss keenly, but after a time she married again. Mr. Richard Bertie, an accomplished gentleman of good family, sometime a fellow of an Oxford College, had been "her servant." The faithful steward was now rewarded with the hand of his mistress. When Mr. Bertie married the duchess, or she him, times were becoming a little threatening for the Reformers. Edward, the young king, was in failing health, and Mary, who would probably succeed him before long, was not likely to forget the insults and wrongs which she and her mother, Katherine of Arragon, had received at their hands. But the duchess remained true to her colors and as lively as ever. Her old antagonist Stephen Gardiner, whom we must call bishop although he was temporarily deprived of his see, held to his opinions as tenaciously as she to hers, and was now lying in the Tower in consequence of his courageous opposition to the Reformers. The duchess seems to have paid a visit to the Tower while the bishop was confined there, and on his politely saluting her from his prison window, she remarked that "it was merrier for the lambs now the wolf was shut up." If the bishop did not actually hear the words when spoken, some kind common

friend did not fail to repeat them to him, and he set them down against the duchess in the account between them. On another occasion, when the duchess was travelling, some frivolous person dressed up a dog to represent a bishop, called it Bishop Gardiner, and carried the pseudo-bishop before her, apparently without receiving from her the appropriate rebuke. Of course the pleasantry did not fail to reach the right reverend ears. So by degrees the account which the wolf was keeping against the lively lamb was growing a long one.

In the summer of 1553 the young king died. In a few weeks Mary reached London. She went straight to the Tower and set free Bishop Gardiner and some other unfortunate captives, after kissing them and calling them *her* prisoners. Gardiner forthwith became lord chancellor and chief adviser of Queen Mary. His hands were pretty full of public affairs at first; he had the cases of Lady Jane Grey, Cranmer and the Protestant bishops, Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection, and the proposed marriage of the queen and Philip of Spain to attend to. After a few months, however, he found time to attend to private business, and summoned Mr. Bertie to appear before him. Mr. Bertie and the duchess, who had now a baby daughter, Susanna by name, were in Lincolnshire, prudently keeping themselves in the background as much as possible. By some mistake the summons failed to reach Mr. Bertie at first, and the bishop, incensed at his seeming contumacy, ordered the sheriff of Lincolnshire to send him up to London in custody. The sheriff bound him over to appear before the bishop on Good Friday, the 23rd of March. On that day he presented himself at the bishop's palace, Winchester House, Southwark, close to the spot where Messrs. Barclay and Perkins' Brewery now stands. He was ushered into the dining-room, and his arrival was announced to the bishop, who expressed great displeasure at being disturbed in his devotions on such a day, and objected to being expected to attend to business on Good Friday. He, however, said that Mr. Bertie's offence was serious, and seemed ready to make an exception in his favor and deal with him at once, but on Mr. Bertie's explaining that he had really not received the earlier summons, he remanded him till next morning and returned to his devotions.

The bishop was an early man and ready for Mr. Bertie at seven o'clock on Saturday. He said that, without suggesting

anything against Mr. Bertie's own opinions, he should like to know whether "my lady your wife is as ready to set up the mass as she was lately to pull it down," and then went on to refer to her unfortunate remarks at the dinner-party years and years ago, the dressing up of the dog to personate him, and the duchess's taunt when he was in the Tower. He maliciously asked whether she was now satisfied as to the safety of her lambs. Poor Mr. Bertie did the best he could by way of defence. As to the "devise of the dog," he said that the duchess neither originated nor approved it, but as he did not suggest that she stopped the exhibition or did anything to indicate her disapproval, we may infer that it had not been very displeasing to her. "As to the words," he said, "though in that season they sounded bitter to your lordship, yet if it should please you without offence to know the cause I am sure the one will purge the other." Mr. Bertie did not condescend to details, which is unfortunate, for it would be interesting to know how he would have reconciled the bishop to being compared to a wolf. As to the general accusation of hostility to the mass, he plainly said that the duchess had learned to abhor it during Edward's reign, and that a profession of conformity by her to the old system would be a mockery and an insult to the queen. That would be all very well, said the bishop, if he was asking her to turn from an old religion to a new, but he merely wanted her to return from a new to an old, "wherein," said he, "when she made me her gossip she was as earnest as any." And he said that it would annoy Philip and the Spanish grantees to find when they arrived in England that, of the two noble personages in this country of Spanish descent, the queen and the duchess, one was gone from the faith. In the end Mr. Bertie was persuaded, or let the bishop think him persuaded, to attempt the conversion of the duchess, and was allowed to return home.

If the duchess and her husband ever wavered it was not for long. They soon resolved that they would not yield, and that they would cross to the Continent to get out of the bishop's reach. It was arranged that Mr. Bertie should go openly, and his wife join him when she could. A pretext for Mr. Bertie's application for the necessary license to leave England was found in the fact that the duchess, as her late husband's executrix, had a claim against the emperor Charles V. for money which he owed. The bishop was applied

to for the queen's license. It is strange if he was deceived by a transparent device. More probably he was not deceived, and did not mind Mr. Bertie's getting away, feeling confident that he could lay his hand on the duchess whenever he wanted her. He, however, suggested to her husband that as the emperor's son, Philip, was on the point of coming over to be married, Mr. Bertie might advantageously postpone his journey till after Philip's arrival, and he undertook to get a letter from Philip to the emperor forwarding Mr. Bertie's business. "Nay," said the latter, thanking the bishop for his kind offer, "when Philip is married the emperor will have got all he wants; until he gets it we shall be able to get what *we* want." This piece of worldly wisdom pleased the prelate, who vouchsafed to smile, and undertook to do what he could towards getting the license. It was soon ready, and Mr. Bertie left Dover in June.

Some months passed before the duchess tried to join her husband. At length on the first of January she started. She was living in London at her house in the Barbican. Her intention had been kept secret. Mr. Cranwell, an old friend, acted as escort, and she took two women to help in the care of Susanna, who was only a year old, and four men, selected apparently for fidelity, rather than exceptional ability, as one was a "foole from the kitchen." The duchess was disguised as a "meane merchant's wife," and the party started between four and five in the morning, when some hours of darkness still remained in which they could reach Lion Quay, a little below London Bridge, where they were to get a boat. They stole out of the house quietly, but they were heard by Atkinson, who is described as the "keeper" of the house. Possibly he was employed by the Council to keep an eye on the duchess's movements. He came down after the escaping party, but as he had a torch in his hand he was seen, and the fugitives scattered in all directions. The duchess hid herself in the courtyard of an adjoining house. Her servants in their hurried flight had left behind them in the gate of her house, not only Susanna's milk, but also a portmanteau containing her clothes and other necessities. The accident proved lucky, the portmanteau caught Atkinson's eye and fancy, and whilst he was ransacking its treasures — perhaps he had a little girl of Susanna's age — the duchess's party escaped. They were in much trepidation. Probably most of the men were from Lincolnshire manors,

only one of them knew the way, and he was separated from his mistress. The duchess who, we will hope, had kept close to Susanna, found her way cleverly through mist and darkness. She went from the Barbican along Beach Street and then along a road lying near to what is now Chiswell Street, and so to what is now the south-west corner of Finsbury Square. Thence a road led her straight to Moor Gate in London Wall. As she approached the gate she had behind her the wide, open moor, and on her left Finsbury Field, and perhaps could hear the barking of some of the City pack whose kennels were in the latter expanse. To her delight, when she got through the gate, she found that all her companions had arrived before her, and the united party, now having one among them who knew the City, soon reached the quay. They had some difficulty in persuading a boatman to start on such a misty morning, but at length his scruples were overcome, probably in the usual manner. It is unlikely that the duchess was short of money at this time. It was well that no more time was lost, for so soon as it was light the Council were informed that the bird had flown, and some of them were soon at her house making an inventory of her goods and chattels. Orders were given that search should be made for her, and that she should be apprehended.

In the mean time the fugitives were being carried down the river. They landed at Leigh, a few miles from Southend. Good old Mr. Cranwell had a friend living there, Gosling by name, and the duchess was passed off as Gosling's married daughter who was not known in Leigh. The ship in which the duchess was to sail seems not to have been ready, and she had to stop at Leigh for the night. This she must have done in fear and trembling, for the news of her flight was already known in Leigh, but she banished anxiety so far as she could by energetically setting to work on some new garments for Susanna, to replace those which had been left behind in the portmanteau. Next day her party got on board and set sail for Zealand, but they were driven back to the English coast by contrary winds. So good a lookout was being kept for the duchess, that when one of the party went on shore to make some necessary purchases, he was questioned as to who was on board, but he was wily and described the mean merchant's wife so innocently that suspicion was allayed. At last the wind was favorable, and the

duchess got across safely and reached Brabant, where her husband was awaiting her. They went on to Xanten in the duchy of Cleves, and stayed there for a short time, endeavoring to conceal their rank, but the townspeople suspected that they were persons of importance and heretics, and the Bishop of Arras, who was dean of the principal church at Xanten, was especially inquisitive. The local authorities at length determined that, without giving the duchess or her husband any warning or chance of departing, they would bring them up for examination as to their rank and religion. Information of this intention was, however, secretly given by a friend to Mr. Bertie, and he, fearing the consequences of an unfriendly examination, determined to quit Xanten for Wesel, a Hanse town not far off. At Wesel there was a little settlement of Protestant refugees who had fled for their religion from the Netherlands. Their minister was one Francis Perusel, to whom the duchess had shown some courtesy in England. Mr. Bertie had already been trying to get the Wesel magistrates to let him and his family live in their town, and he now thought it prudent to start for Wesel before the Xanten magistrates or Bishop of Arras could stop them. Accordingly one afternoon in February he left his house in Xanten, apparently for a stroll with his wife and child, and two servants, and started towards Wesel. There had been a long frost and the weather was inclement, but he did not dare to hire horse or carriage. The little party had not walked a mile before heavy and continuous rain began; the frozen ground quickly thawed, and the state of the road soon rendered walking a difficult task for the duchess. The servants were sent on to try to get a carriage in some village, but without success. Mr. Bertie and his wife were overtaken by darkness as they wended their long and weary way through mire and rain. The father carried the child, and the duchess her husband's cloak and rapier. After more than three hours of this toilsome march they reached Wesel, and went in the darkness and rain round the town to seek food and lodging at the inns. But their appearance after their dirty walk did not take the fancy of the Wesel innkeepers, who thought that Mr. Bertie was a soldier, and the duchess his disreputable companion, and everywhere the doors were shut in the travellers' faces. The humiliation was more than the poor duchess could bear. "The child for cold and sustenance cried piti-

fullie, the mother wept as fast, and the heavens rained as fast as the clouds could powre." Mr. Bertie did not know how to find the house of Perusel, the Protestant minister; he could not make himself intelligible to the townsfolk in their own language, and he could find no one who could speak English, French, Italian or Latin, which he understood. Despairing of getting a lodging elsewhere, he resolved to put his wife and child in the church porch, to buy some food and some straw for them to lie on, and get some coal with which he could make a fire near the porch. Fortunately, just as he was reaching the church he came upon two youths talking Latin, and the young scholars were induced on payment of two stivers to conduct him to the house of one of the Protestant refugees, who, as chance would have it, was entertaining his pastor at supper and discussing Mr. Bertie's adventures with him. When Mr. Bertie knocked the master of the house came to the door, and Mr. Bertie said that he was an Englishman who sought for Master Perusel's house. The master went back to the supper-table and fetched Perusel, telling him that the servant of the very Englishman they were talking about was at the door. When Perusel appeared all was soon put right, the travellers were taken in, and the duchess was very glad to get some dry clothing belonging to the good woman of the house, her husband and child, for herself, Mr. Bertie and Susanna.

The duchess and her husband seem now to have practised no concealment of their rank. The townspeople soon knew who they were, and on the Sunday after their arrival the innkeepers were treated to a sermon on their behavior, and reminded that though, in fact, it was only a duchess whom they had turned away from their doors, yet it might have been an angel in disguise. The visitors soon found a house, and lived at Wesel for some time. During their sojourn the duchess gave birth to a son and future Lord Willoughby, whom his parents, in allusion to his foreign birth, in *terrá peregrinâ*, named Peregrine. Their residence at Wesel was brought to an end by their receiving information that an emissary from Queen Mary was coming over in order to arrange their capture. They therefore left Wesel and moved to Weinheim in the Elector Palatine's country, where they lived in peace until money began to fail. No remittances were now coming to them. The Council had not contented themselves with

a mere inventory of the duchess's chattels; lands and goods alike had been seized for the queen's use. The stock of money and valuables which the fugitives brought over soon melted away. They were therefore delighted at receiving letters with large offers of hospitality from the king of Poland and one of his principal nobles, who had heard of their distressing situation. The invitation, coming as it did from strangers, seemed almost suspiciously generous. The poor exiles dreaded the long journey to Poland, which was almost unknown to the English. They consulted a friend and fellow in misfortune, Barlow, who had just been ejected from the bishopric of Bath and Wells. He was not a very favorable specimen of his order. He had obtained his bishopric through the influence of the Protector Somerset—on what conditions, express or implied, we may conjecture from the fact that he at once proceeded to make over to his patron a large portion of the property of the see, including the episcopal palace at Wells. He had found the see richer than London, and in a year or two left it one of the poorest in England.

Mr. Bertie and the duchess now proposed that Barlow should go to Poland to negotiate on their behalf, and in return he was to live with them when they arrived. Barlow was not the man to refuse a good offer, and was soon on his way to Poland, taking with him to the king not only his employers' thanks, but also a few jewels which they had hitherto preserved and which might prove as persuasive as the episcopal eloquence. A renewed invitation, full and satisfactory, was soon procured, and the duchess's party started for Poland.

Their journey was not uneventful. They soon got into trouble with a turbulent captain, who picked up a quarrel about a spaniel of Mr. Bertie's. The captain's party set upon Mr. Bertie's, and the duchess and her children had a narrow escape, for the captain's men ran their spears through the wagon in which the women and children were riding. In the skirmish the captain's horse was killed, and a rumor ran through the countryside that the captain himself had been slain by a foreigner. The country people rose against the homicidal stranger. Mr. Bertie fled for his life to the nearest town, ran up a ladder into a garret, and kept his assailants at bay until the arrival of a magistrate who could speak Latin, to whom he surrendered himself. Next day he procured the attendance of a local

potentate, the Count of Erbach, who knew the duchess, and when it was seen that he had such distinguished friends, and moreover that the captain was not dead, he was acquitted of the charge of killing him.

When the duchess and her husband arrived in Poland the king placed them in a position of comfort and dignity in the earldom of Crossen. Here they lived until Mary died, at the end of 1558. Two months afterwards the duchess was writing from Crossen to Queen Elizabeth to congratulate her, but in a later letter to a friend she laments Elizabeth's halting between two opinions, and says that she hears that the queen tarries only while the Gospel is read and then departs. She did not write many more letters from Poland, for she was soon home in England with her husband, receiving back her lands and chattels, and procuring the naturalization of her foreign-born son. Barlow did not fail to come too and find another see, and blessings descended on the head of his posterity also, for his five daughters all became the wives of bishops.

The duchess's life was henceforward quiet and uneventful. Her daughter Susanna married and became Countess of Kent. The duchess died in 1580, two years before her husband, and Peregrine, thenceforth tenth Lord Willoughby de Eresby, did good service to his queen and country, although he was never a great favorite with the queen. The explanation of this want of favor may be found in the fact that "he was none of the Reptilia," and that he was known to have said so, intimating of course, as Naunton who records the saying explains, that he could not creep upon the ground.

From The Fortnightly Review.
IN RUTHENIA.

IN trying to tell you something about Ruthenia and her people, I shall confine myself entirely to what happened to me and to what I did, for that is all that I know; before my little book appears in the spring, I shall have burrowed to the very root of the question in the British Museum, and read everything I can lay my hands on which will help me to understand the past history of a country whose present one has so much interested me. And I shall have behind me, like any rabbit, quite a little heap of facts that have come out of the hole I have

made. When I went there this summer I knew nothing about Ruthenia, and I don't feel my ignorance calls for any apology, for, if I may venture to say so, I have never met any one who did. However, I am able to assert that, with the Carpathians running almost due east and west with a southerly tendency towards the tail, Ruthenia, or Reussen, as it was called in the days when it was a happy little Polish province, lies north of Bukowina and Moldavia, south of the present kingdom of Poland, east of Bohemia, and west of Podolia, and it has always been wanted by Russia as a frontier land. Called severally East Galicia and Red Russia, it is a country that has never belonged to itself; it has always been one of the choicest possessions of other countries; Russia has had it, Poland has had it, and now Austria has got it — Austria who has the least right of any.

The Ruthenian has always been a bondsman; also he has rarely known the joys of peace; he has had the misfortune to be in the middle of every quarrel because his country lies midway between the countries that have most persistently quarrelled with one another.

The language resembles the most beautiful of all the Slav tongues very nearly — namely, Polish; many of the words are identical save for the lengthening or shortening of a vowel-sound. Take, for instance, bread; in Polish *chleb*, and in Ruthenian, *chleba*; well, he would understand if he heard them spoken, but not if he saw them written, for he writes in that mysterious Russo-Greek text, and his alphabet is the Russian one, with forty-two letters.

My idea was to travel through the Carpathians on horseback alone, save for a peasant attendant, and stop in any village that took my fancy. I may just say at once that I did this. For ten weeks I lived with the peasants, conformed almost entirely to their way, and ate their food; for weeks together I saw no meat, vegetables, beer, or wine, and night after night, when up in the high mountains, I have slept under the moon, wrapped only in my Tartan cloak, on a layer of fresh-cut pine boughs.

There are lux-cats, bears, and wolves in the Carpathians, and I know that everybody will think there are other obstacles for a girl travelling alone; but that isn't the case. I cannot waste the space of this review by explaining why there are no obstacles, why from London to the Russian frontier and back I met with no incon-

venience. I can only assert that this was so. But of course I know why, and in another quarter I shall be very happy to give my reasons.

The one gown I wore had a short skirt that unhooked in a second, and left me all the freedom of knickerbockers. My saddle-bag held a couple of clean shirts, and not being afflicted with the hesitation of Hyde Park, I rode cross-saddle or bare-back upon the little Hutzul horses.

The name Hutzul characterizes the mountain people and the mountain horses, but they and the people on the plain are gathered together under the common title of Ruthenian. Unless riding or travelling, I hardly ever wore my socks and sandals — for I had at once adopted the charming foot-gear of the people. I went barefoot everywhere, and I have found myself, when about to climb a hill, taking off my sandals and slinging them by their cord about my neck, because the way was rough, and I didn't want them to get cut to pieces. This sounds somewhat inverse reasoning, but it never occurred to me that my feet might be cut to pieces, and that one wears shoes as a protection, because I wore my sandals as an ornament.

In Mikuliczyn, the first village, I stayed a month, learning a little of the language, and observing the people and their customs. Afterwards I went on to villages with such pretty names as Polonica, Kosmasz, Warocla, Iablonica, Zabie, Iaworów, finishing up with three days in the little mountain town of Kossów, where I stayed, entirely uninvited, but remarkably welcome, in the house of the local doctor.

In Kossów there is a little factory for wool and linen weaving, which I inspected very carefully. They were making aprons out of mohair wool, which comes to them from Bradford. These were very ugly. It is curious that, so artistic themselves if alone with their four colors, red, yellow, green, and orange, they go completely wrong when let loose upon magentas and royal blues, etc. At the request of the proprietor I selected certain combinations of colors which harmonized, and these will be used in the future.

Their linen-making, from the flax and hemp which grow so freely there, is not to be improved by our great Irish firm, Robinson and Cleaver, so solid was it. They have never heard of putting weight into cloth — we speak of this in England — of size, or dressing, or shoddy.

In Kossów I was asked to two parties by ladies of position, who had only seen me in the rickety little market-place, and

didn't mind admitting it. They sent their carriages for me. They were actuated by the same spirit which induces people in this country to hire the Punch and Judy show from the town, and put it up in a corner of the shrubbery, when they give a garden *fête*. Of course I didn't go. But from first to last I met only with kindly feeling and a great deal of hospitality.

Mikuliczyn is scattered in the wide, stony bed of the river Pruth. Some houses are set in clearings a little way up the wooded hills, and the rest have rolled down like stones to the water's edge. The Pruth, which has got the job of bringing down the snow-water from Charna-goura every morning, and seems to like it, comes into Mikuliczyn from two sides, and gives the village an immense amount of breakwaters, bridges, and embankments to build. Just below the village it unites and goes banging on its way to the big wild waterfall at Dura. It was a capital river to bathe in.

The peasants dress in coarse linen in summer and thick blanket-cloth — red — in winter, made by themselves. For the men, trousers and a long blouse; for the women, a garment which resembles a night-dress — indeed it is a night-dress, only it is a day-dress as well. The women also wear two tomato-colored aprons, one put on in front and one behind, and, when they are married, a red and orange cloth upon their heads. Everywhere the favorite colors are the old national ones of white and red, and all the embroideries deal with these; but the Hutzuls have added green, orange, and yellow, and make themselves very smart and fine. They wear their sheepskins, beautifully embroidered, both winter and summer. They are a tall, hardy race, wiry and capable of considerable endurance; men and women live precisely the same open-air lives; with the exception of wood-hewing and dressing, they share all the work, even to digging and carting. Their families are small, and they make no particular fuss over them. It is the little boys and girls, not necessarily brothers and sisters, who mind the babies. The diseases the people suffer from are a form of *gottre*, due, of course, to the wretched water they drink — for the Carpathians are indubitably poor in this respect — and various forms of skin complaints, often the result of dirt and poor living combined, but more usually brought back from Austrian barracks by the men who have served their three years.

Of course their houses are built of pine only and are, for the most part, comfortable enough. They seem to rock like ships when you go in. No ceremony of knocking is required or expected. You just walk in and say "Slawa Jesu Christu," Christ is risen; and the inmate replies, "Nawiki Slawa," May he be glorified forever. Then you sit down on the pine bench that runs round two sides of the room, take out your tobacco and roll a cigarette. Everybody smokes. You are friends at once with the woman if you offer her one first; though she will smile and give it to her husband and wait for the second one you make. The children smoke the ends one throws away, which are, of course, peculiarly unwholesome, being impregnated with nicotine. Even a baby in arms is allowed a few puffs — really!

The wall opposite the two windows is occupied by a bed, just a broader bench of pine planks, and the fireplace made of wood and earth and plastered over and whitewashed, so that it looks like a heap of dressed stone blocks lying stepwise on one another. On the upper ledge, where a graduated warmth no doubt appeals agreeably to the extended body, a man may be lying, looking and spitting out into the room. In this respect their manners are peculiarly revolting to the Western mind. Another man may be sitting on the bench, and a woman is thudding about the room barefoot with her remarkably decisive step. A very refined instinct of politeness induces her to dislodge the young pig and the chickens, and then, with a good deal of transverse thudding, she picks over and washes a heap of baleful-looking agarici, which no English or Scotch peasant would do more than kick over as they grew, let alone touch. She rams these into an earthen pot, which is set, with a pot of potatoes and a pot of dandelion leaves, in a row before the fire-hole, and you see the family supper warming, steaming, and boiling over as the talk goes on. The man will take out his pipe, made of the hollowed youth of a nut-tree, about two feet long, and having blown down it and run his fingers over the six holes in a prefatory squeal, he flutes the oddest tunes, which begin with a skirl and then sink to a low, soft note that hums on while the shriller whistle jigs the melody. The woman by this time has washed her hands and is spinning the coarse wool to bind the sandals with, using not a wheel, but a rock and spindle.

It is a characteristic scene, simple, with

nothing *factice* in it; no chair is wiped and set for the visitor, no choice family statistics are detailed, no surreptitious changing of the child's pinafore in a corner, no swift slipping down of sleeves or throwing of a dirty apron behind a chair. They are here a people *sans gêne*; they don't know the difference between a nice and a nasty thing, so they serve you no politenesses and are unaware if they do anything disgusting. There is a total absence of that class of perception among them. They are a handsome people, not black-haired and swarthy, but fair or brown; the men's straight hair is cut in the Byzantine manner round their heads and over their foreheads. They wear only moustache. Their cheek-bones are high, their noses short, the lip, mouth, and chin making up the length of a long face. The lips and mouth are generally flat and close, as Thomas Hardy would say, like two halves of a muffin. The young women are nearly always bright and clever-faced, whether pretty or not — and they are usually pretty; their hair is bound with wool and coins and soldiers' buttons, they are exceedingly coquettish in their manners, and have very developed notions in the matter of personal adornment. No matter how many strings of amber, coral, and sham pearl she has round her neck, a Ruthenian woman is always delighted with another. The servant girl at Mikuliczyn wore a perfect Niagara of pearls and green glass. She was paid 6r. a month as farm hand and indoor help, and she had plenty of work to do. The day begins at four in Ruthenia, and at ten by no means everybody is in bed.

They are not, however, systematically hard-working; if one saint's day falls on a Saturday, and another on a Wednesday — having Sunday also as a break — they do not trouble to go to work on Monday and Tuesday. In this sort of thing they suggest comparison with the Highlander, and on putting a question about it to a man who was quite an authority on the subject, I received the same answer as on a similar occasion in the West Highlands: "It's something in the mountains that does it." Translated, that means it is the fault of the geography. For looking on the people even as upon the pine-trees as the direct product of the soil, and their characters as the outcome of the formation, here is an opportunity for the subtlest geographical inquiry.

They are frugal; although meat, in the parts of Galicia I have visited, is only 4½d. a pound, they never touch it, and it

would be no pleasure to them to eat too much on Sunday, as it is to the working classes here.

They drink excellent sour milk and cream, and care nothing for it till it is sour; and I must say I found it much nicer, while that it is twice as digestible goes without saying.

In Kosmasz I stayed in the house of the village priest, he being absent, and consequently unable to object to my presence; and while there I made the acquaintance of a Polish artist, who was finding very interesting subjects among the peasants. I will describe the journey I made with him to Zabie, because it was the most difficult of all my journeys and gives a very fair idea of mountain travelling. I abbreviate from my diary.

I had, of course, two horses and my peasant servant: one horse to ride and one to carry my green hunting sack, my saddle-bag, my tartan cloak, and my keptar — that is, sheepskin jacket. We set off while the dew was yet steel-grey on the green sideways. I had never seen the valley look so pretty or the hills so full of various blues, and greens, and moving mists, and mysteries. The path led through a great scented wood with a moist groundwork of ferns and wild strawberries; now and then a tree lay across the path, and the little horses had enough to do to step over; once or twice mine fell with me, and the wooden point of the saddle communicated acutely with my breast-bone. It was as stiff a climb as I have ever seen a horse go up, and was really laid out for an active goat or chamois. It lasted for three hours, and we never stopped till the path gave suddenly, gaily, and hopefully on one of those grassy clearings where they feed the cattle in summer, and which are called *poloninas*. The men threw themselves down without a word, and dragged up long breaths with difficulty, but the peasant's daughter, who had joined us, gathered me whortleberries and whole canes of wild raspberry, tendering them with a pretty "*Prosz*" that sounds so winning if delicately spoken. Later, we set out up the grass hill, and through a wood whose path was composed, quite simply, of rocks. The horses got a good deal cut, but it only lasted an hour, and then another *polonina* cheered us up, for there was a hut in sight, and that meant milk and cheese. I had a couple of dozen cold baked potatoes in my Tam o' Shanter in the hunting-sack, and we looked forward keenly to the milk that was forthcoming and the huge sheep's

cheese, in the form of a loaf that has been ten minutes in the oven, called *buneen*. We sat on the ground with the potatoes between us, and cut slices of the strange indiarubber-like cheese, while a peasant stood by and dumbly offered milk, turn about, from a big wooden jug. It was delicious.

While we were recruiting ourselves later he made wild melody on a wooden trumpet — a trumpet ten feet long which had once been a young silver-birch sapling, hopeful and full of promise. The hills picked up snatches of the curious irresponsible music and tossed it to one another and hooted it back again, and it occurred to me that they were chaffing that innocent peasant horribly.

On the top of the next hill a thick white rain blotted out all the landscape; it came hissing down, silver against the blackness of the pines, and we were much the worse for wear when, about five, it cleared up and came out bright and sunny. We called a halt and the peasant gathered me wild strawberries from a bed where a bear's footprints were still visible; the bears also refresh themselves with this scarlet nectar. Then we started again, and a long marshy path through a wood took us to the point of the range where we had to go down into the valley. I had long given up riding, and that descent was the worst I have ever encountered.

Every now and then the horses, clever little Hutzuls though they were, refused to be pushed or dragged a step further, and there was nothing for it but to lift up the trembling leg, with its cracked hoof and bleeding frog, heave it over some rock, only to plant it on yet another perilous place. It was slow and exhausting work, and cruel in the extreme to the animals, but it had to be done.

Towards eight in the evening we were winding our way through the valley with the help of a river which had continually to be forded. I revived myself with a bathe. The horses drooped after us, quite worn out; it was obvious that another two hours was all they could hold out for, and by that time night would have fallen. At nine we took our last rest; the horses could hardly crawl. The little white mare positively rocked upon her feet. "Don't stop them," cried Iwan to me, "or they'll never go on again." They were not only dead tired but faint with hunger, for we had had no time to give them a feed. Another steady silent hour followed, then the painter said, "There's still an hour and a half, and the horses can't possibly do it.

You must put up!" "But where?" said I. "Anywhere," said the painter. We had been travelling for over fifteen hours.

Well, providence stepped in at this juncture in the shape of a prosperous and good-natured peasant. He offered me the freedom of his house and board for the night. I needn't say we accepted, and in ten minutes we were sitting dully, peacefully, and wordlessly grateful in the wooden gallery that crossed the front of his hut. Iwan saw to his famished horses, and the wooden ashes in the fire-hole were charmed to a blaze by the peasant's wife. Girls with white bleached hair and mahogany brown feet and legs came and went, the hissing of the evening milk was heard in the outer yard; the idiot boy, who belonged to no one in particular, leaned in the gallery and appreciated cigarettes; the night fell softly over a sweet, summery landscape. We looked straight in front of us with the sightless glance of tired beasts, while kolesha, the maize-meal porridge which is the staple food in the mountains, breathing an inspiring essence over the scene, worked on our leaden apathy and awoke in us a savage passion of hunger. Oh, that little lighted room, with the mob of silly, unknown saints upon its walls, the thick rafters of pine-wood hung with the inevitable kots, or blankets, the row of carved spoons in the rack, the dried flowers taken from the church on fête-day, hanging above the crucifixes; the table, half decked with its gay red cover, bearing the bowl with hot milk; the dish of kolesha, steaming, turned in a solid square lump from the pan; the plate of hard-boiled eggs — the whispered "Prosz" of the woman; I shall never forget it!

A bed was made for me of hay, in the open courtyard. I slept, of course, in my clothes, scorning even to wind my watch up. Between three and four a refreshing drizzle and the opening ceremonies of the day awoke me. Certainly every one walked round me, but I had an uneasy feeling that the moment might arrive when they would walk over me, and I preferred to get up. My dressing was done at the stream-side, where I washed and did my hair as Narcissus probably did his hair. Breakfast smiled to me about six, and after brief thanks I was soon on my way to Zabie.

Zabie has a beautiful situation in a wide valley through which the Black Czeramosz comes winding, bathing the edges of as many hayfields as possible. It is a wild river with a thick plaited skein of green

silk for a current, and it resents very fiercely having its waters dammed up away there in the mountains, and only let out twice a week. It revenges itself, however, and comes banging the pine rafts mercilessly till, a few miles below Zabie, it throws itself upon its sister, the White Czeramosz, and they fight on their way together, always serving the thousand pines as a broad and difficult highway to Czer-nawicz, on the Russian frontier.

The Czeramosz, the Pruth, and the Sereth are all Carpathian streams rising within a few miles of one another; but the Sereth has the duty of taking their waters into the Black Sea, though the Pruth very nearly succeeds in getting there. They are all grand water-ways and without them the pines would never leave the mountains. That is the most exciting mode of travelling I know. American rafting, when the lumbermen or Indians understand shooting a rapid, must be tame compared to it. A Ruthenian, though he has been at it all his life, understands nothing about it, and trusts to blind luck. The Czeramosz is full of corners, has, I should say, no conscience, and a very wicked temper. When I went I started on a picked raft of twelve immense pines firmly bound together, and we arrived clinging grimly to five. I cannot describe how this happened; I was conscious of shocks and usually fell on my face, and when the raftsmen gathered me up again and pieced me together there was always a pine-tree or two less.

I stayed in Zabie just long enough to make preparations for my journey to Czarna-hora, the Black Mountains. They are the highest points in the Ruthenian Carpathians, not as high as some peaks on the Hungarian frontier, and not as high as the Tatra Mountains at the other end of the range, the north-western end, which are peopled by a Polish peasantry, and made into health resorts, the chief of which is Zakopane. I got a capital pair of horses and a peasant called Jura, a young fellow who came for the fun of coming. He assured me he was very clever and could cook and so on, and he knew the mountains as well as his alphabet. I have since seen that this description was quite true — too true — but at the time it filled me with confidence.

He was clever enough to avoid doing anything the whole time; he was often tired, and when we got lost he used to explain that they must have taken down the crosses which had served to guide him when he was there before. These crosses,

by the way, are very interesting. In the valley they mean only one thing: they are a reminder to the peasant of his Christ; but in the mountains they serve three purposes: they indicate which peaks have been geographically measured, or the presence of a spring of pure water, or the grave of some person who has been murdered and buried near the spot.

After hearing these several explanations I acquired the habit of passing a cross in reflective silence.

All resemblance to Scotland or the Alps had faded out of the landscape when we began to get up a little, and I was glad. Carpathian scenery, in all its rugged disregard of the canons of beauty elected by the tourist, swelled round me in a sea of mountain waves. It took me some time to get over the disappointment I experienced in seeing no lakes, no tarns, no lochens, none of the lovely little cups of water that catch all the expressions of the sky in our mountains; and, as I have said, I was sensible of a great want in the way of water all the time I was there. As we went up a sort of avenue some quarter of a mile wide, laid with the vivid bushes of the whortleberry, upon the top of a range which Czarna-hora had chained like a buttress to her side, I could detect the black patches of the creeping fir and the lighter ones of the dainty rose-flowered rhododendron — the two shrubs that have accepted an exclusive contract for the clothing of the furthest hills.

I fell in with a cattle watcher, who offered me the hut he was not using; the near presence of bears obliged him to sleep among his beasts, right up the polonina. This hut was loosely built, with a profound recognition of the value of "fresh air in the dwelling," as the health pamphlets have it. Between each log there was a handsome inch of space where everything that was outside in the way of weather could come in. In the roof, one large hole served for the window and another for the chimney; an ash heap and some charred logs in the middle of the floor suggested the fireplace.

While Jura unloaded his weary, sodden-looking horses and turned them into a sparse paddock, the herd entertained me with bear stories. "But if you keep up a good fire all night and go out now and then with a brand and howl, I don't expect he'll trouble you," he remarked, as after we had had supper together he said good-night! By-the-by this man got only £3 for fourteen weeks' cattle watching in Czarna-hora every year. That is ex-

actly the mountain season; when it is over the great snows and winds drive the people down to the villages and towns at a more genial elevation, and their summer quarters await them again next year. During these fourteen weeks, however, the climate is exquisite. I have never breathed a more invigorating, vivifying air—it is so purely inland, so sun-filled, so pine-scented, so finespun. To me it seems quite natural that the centre of a continent is its healthiest point, for one is furthest away from the detestable moisture of our vaunted sea breezes. Of course we praise sea and sea breezes here because we can never get away from them. England has no inland; it is far too small; but if you want your lungs to feel light and springy, your voice to ring with a clearness unknown in England, and your skin to be able to breathe as well—if, in fact, you care to get rid of rheumatism, neuralgia, and consumption—you must go inland to the mountains, and you could not do better than try a Carpathian.

But to return to my hut and the bears. I promised that Jura should follow out the herd's directions, and turned in. My bed was on the floor, a spread of fresh pine boughs. Jura slept on a bench against the wall with an exquisite continuity quite pleasant to see, and the agreeable duty of keeping up the fire and going out and howling fell upon me till about four A.M., when I woke him by throwing hot wood ash at his face, and a faint curiosity as to whether his horses had been eaten induced him to go out and see.

In the morning I was off before five, because I was going up Hovellä, the highest peak, something over seven thousand feet, I think. It was not a specially difficult climb, over a stony ground mostly, with a very little grass and sometimes a black fir, sprawling along; on the top only rocks grew and there was plenty of frozen snow, but save for a brisk wind it wasn't cold.

My next excursion was to Burkut, where there is a remarkably fine mineral spring. The water is sparkling and sulphurous, like no water I have tasted at a German spa, and not resembling anything at Harrogate; a champagne-like water, which the people are clever enough to know the worth of, and bottle and sell in the villages. For a quarter of a mile before we came to it I could smell the water, if anything too pungent.

I remained about ten days in the high mountains, and went up some six or seven points; Pop I wan, Stryi, Spyci, Grópi, Drôga, and some others. Grópi is on the

Hungarian side. But I felt I was wasting time in a commonplace manner; I have not the right kind of brain for mountaineering. If I may be believed, it is no special pleasure to me to be on the top of anything; I am just as happy at the foot or a short way up the side, and the higher you go the further you are from human life and everything that is interesting—unless you are an astronomer and care to approach your stars.

I had, in all the time I was away, a fair share of accidents: bathing in unknown rivers I was twice almost drowned; a fall very nearly put out my shoulder, and it isn't right yet, and I did something inexplicable to a rib by falling into a river and striking on a sunken pine-tree. I got a good deal cut one way and another, had sunstroke pretty badly, and so on—but you can do all that anywhere. I never met a bear face to face, and this disheartened me a good deal for a time, for I would like to have tried my knife or revolver. That little knife, over a hundred and twenty-five years old, has killed a bear already, and you can still see the blood stains. I bought it in the market-place at Kossów, from the old man who remembered seeing his great-grandfather wear it in his belt; and I knew that, in spite of my three shillings, I was committing a crime which no explanation can palliate.

The way to get to Ruthenia is over Vienna, Cracow, Lemberg, Kolomyja, and I am going back in two years; but I hope nothing I have said will induce anybody else to come. I should be, indeed, to blame if any word of mine should have aroused the baneful curiosity of the tourist. But I don't think anybody will go there. I was really very uncomfortable according to Western notions. I was stopped by floods coming home, and there will always be floods in west Galicia, because it is as flat as a billiard-table. Then it is a terribly dirty country, and the chosen New Palestine of the lowest class of Jews. There is no understanding of sanitation, and I don't think anybody would call it pretty.

This remark does not refer to men of science. I want somebody to tell me what the hills are made of, and I want some one else to explain why the water is so horrid. All that I do not want is that some one should build a hotel and Kur-saal near Burkut, and that some one else should run up a hotel and a band-stand. An entomologist would find a perfect kingdom there, a botanist no less.

There is no doubt Galicia is a country

naturally rich; when you are not standing upon petroleum you are standing upon salt, and very possibly upon silver, while there is almost bound to be coal where woods have stood and fallen for æons of time. Mr. Czeszebanowski, in his interesting book, "The Misery of Galicia," lays great stress upon the deplorable lack of means to exploit these treasures.

But those are not the greatest sources of wealth; every mountain pours pine-trees even as the plain laughs with maize and corn, and I have never eaten fruit such as grows down there. England would be enchanted with the preserves and conserves to be got, and a Polish Crosse and Blackwell would relieve us forever from the necessity of eating stones, seeds, and carrots. Perhaps some day we may profit by the sun of a country where as yet he is not afraid to shine.

Then the people: I am bold to say no more intelligent peasantry exist than in Ruthenia, to say nothing of Poland. Unblighted by board schools and enjoying the supervision of a government which is, as regards the enforcement of education, felicitously impotent, they have a chance to develop natural faculties which the poor people of this country will never have again. Their artistic taste is surprising; drawing from their own designs and painting in brilliant, self-made colors, they produce rich and beautiful handiwork, while they weave in astonishing original patterns with wools, home-spun and home-dyed. With wood, clay, brass, and wool, they are at home, and a Ruthenian will carry a walking-stick, carved by himself and inlaid with brass, which would give anybody a reputation in Piccadilly. And they are remarkably quick at learning a trade. Certainly there is a future for Galicia.

Perhaps, when the crown of our empress queen requires a new jewel, we shall erect and protect a new Poland! We shall probably have to fight Russia some day. Austria's present absurd construction will soon go to pieces. And when Germany has been appealed to in a mixture of practicality and high sentiment, Poland may be set on her feet again. People begin to think of her as a dead nation, wiped out of history. She is not dead, but sleeping! How they have conserved their literature, their lovely language, and their character!—how they continue to do so every day!

When the war comes I want to be correspondent of the *Daily News*; if not, I shall be a *vivandière* and write for the

Pall Mall. But, seriously, one cannot travel as I have done this summer and not believe that the Polish eagle will wear his crown again—a republican crown!—that the finest of the Slav peoples, the most perfect of the Slav tongues, will have a right to exist, grand and powerful and good, as they were meant to be in those fair lands that have been parcelled out again and again by foreign powers, but which are, altogether, only—Poland.

MENIE MURIEL DOWIE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF ORIGINAL SIN?

ANY one who interests himself in education and the literature of education can hardly fail to have been struck with certain aspects of it which give rise to this question. There is a growing tendency to account for what in earlier days would have been called childish faults, and to account for them in such a manner as to transfer the whole burden of responsibility from the child to its teachers. Now this tendency, if allowed to work itself out to its logical conclusion, will be productive of some very curious results; but the small band of enthusiasts who with Froebel hold that in the reformation of the teacher they have discovered a universal panacea for the manifold ills of this much-maligned world, do not always spare the trouble to see what is involved in their premises.

There was a time when men nourished a general belief in the natural depravity of the human heart. Poets might sing of the heaven which "lies about us in our infancy;" but we knew, or thought we knew, in our secret souls that the mother who said, "Go and see what baby is doing and tell him he mustn't," had a far truer insight into the nature of things. Nowadays all this is changed. Like Socrates, we believe that all vice is involuntary; but, unlike Socrates, we attribute it not to ignorance but to knowledge. Education has been the ruin of the world.

But the offender may urge in his defence that he himself was not eternally adult, that his own tastes have been formed, and are therefore clearly due to some one else, and that to this train of reasoning there can obviously never be an end. The ordinary logician would suppose that no other conclusion was possible than a retreat to the determinist or fatalist position which would paralyze every effort at reformation. What is to happen if your character is in

every case formed for you? How can you begin to reform when the impulse to do so is not under your own control, when it, like all else, is the product of some one else's teaching? And if the impulse or power to follow it be absent, is not its absence matter for pity rather than blame? But with a fine inconsistency the disciples of Froebel and the rest of the enthusiastic educationalists proceed to argue on the hypothesis that you might mend if you would, that now that the true light has dawned evil will shortly vanish from the world, and that if this happy result be not immediately achieved the fault will lie at the door of the teacher.

According to them the nursery is to be a storehouse of wholesome and beautiful influences. Every toy, every picture, every game, is to be selected for its educational value, and made a potent instrument in moulding the mind and the character of the infant. And since you cannot at every moment be sure of an entrance into the nursery, which shall allow you personally to superintend all these details, you must begin so far as possible by educating the parents. We have lately been given a *Parents' Review*, and without disparaging that doubtless excellent periodical, we may point out that the necessity of giving hints out of the depths of his inexperience to the mother of half-a-dozen children will be a serious addition to the burden of the teacher.

Whether in the nursery, then, or in the schoolroom, the children are to be ceaselessly watched; their natural tendencies are to be encouraged; they are to be trained by useful occupations; and they will never be idle because they will always be interested. They are to live in an atmosphere of sympathy; they will find everything pleasant; but though their school-time will be passed under ideal conditions it will nevertheless serve as an excellent preparation for the struggles of later life. Moral progress will become a steady process of development, not a constant struggle between duty and inclination. There will be no coercion and no punishment, because there will be no mischief and no rebellion.

Now as an ideal this may be admirable; and in so far as it is based upon the true principle that prevention is better than cure, it cannot be denied that there is much to be said for it. Certainly, if we can anticipate the children's faults and nip in the bud all expression of wicked sentiments, we shall prevent the horse being stolen from the proverbial stable,

but we cannot prevent the rise of the desire to steal him. This, however, is what Froebel would have us attempt. We are so to surround our little ones with things peaceful and pleasant that their temper shall never be ruffled, their selfishness never awakened, while at the same time their curiosity is roused and their mental faculties in every way quickened. Are these two processes compatible? Is it desirable to remove all obstacles and to smooth away every difficulty? It was an old belief that experience, if a hard, was an excellent teacher, and that the air of the Lotus Island scarcely tended to produce a nation of statesmen and warriors. But now we have grown too tender-hearted to admit the desirableness of pain. We would have everything beautiful and everything pleasant, and we forget that, like Plato's musician, we may be cutting the very nerve out of the souls of our children. It may be said that the pursuit of knowledge in itself involves difficulties enough, and that these cannot be removed. Just so; and will this softly nurtured, carefully guarded generation possess the courage and perseverance required to surmount them? We venture to doubt it, and when the inevitable failure has come, will the whole blame rest upon the teacher? Or shall we at length begin to suspect that though education can do much it cannot do all, that character counts for something, and that there is a certain inherent, originating power in human nature which will have to be reckoned with after all? It will be difficult to go on dwelling in that fool's paradise, in which the reformation of the teacher seemed the one thing desirable.

But though we may laugh at the educational theorists and make light of their theories, the very fact that they are thus interpreted, or perhaps we ought in justice to say misinterpreted, and exaggerated by their over-zealous disciples, points to a very serious feature of contemporary thought. The question of moral responsibility has attracted much attention in this century, and we fear that the tendency of modern writings has been rather to discredit than to establish it. Froebel's doctrine may be said to argue a beautiful faith in human nature as such. Perhaps it does in the case of the enthusiast with whom it originated; but its general acceptance seems to be more closely connected with this modern tendency to shift responsibility or to get rid of the notion altogether. It is not the child who is to be punished for greediness; its teacher

ought to have taught it better, or removed temptation out of the way. It is not the drunkard who is responsible for the degradation and misery of himself and his family; it is generations of port-drinking ancestors. It is the old story over again, "Not I, but the woman;" but the old story enormously reinforced by the doctrine of heredity and by materialist views of the influence of body upon mind. Evil is always inherited, or physical, or the outcome of circumstances; never the expression of the free, casual will, which for the time at least chooses to identify itself with imperfection.

And that we do not here adopt a pessimistic view of the signs of the times, let these quotations from some recent writers on ethics be our witness. Mr. Herbert Spencer has told us in terms which admit of no two interpretations, that "the sense of duty or moral obligation is transitory and will diminish as fast as moralization increases." Its present existence is merely due to a lack of correspondence between conduct and environment, a mistake arising from our imperfect evolution, a blunder, not a crime. And the author of "The Service of Man" has declared that "the sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of the better it will be for society and moral education." He proceeds to show that since bad men will be bad whatever may be our efforts to reform them, the welfare of society demands their suppression and the preservation only of the good. In short, when the world has become a farm for the improvement of the human species by mechanical methods, when, according to the old Platonic ideal, we breed only from the best, we shall have not Plato's kingdom of philosophers, but a positivist society regulated by the laws of political economy. And yet another authority may be quoted. Dr. Maudsley has stated, and stated clearly, that "the hidden springs of feeling and impulse . . . lie deep in the physical constitution of the individual, and, going still farther back, perhaps in his organic antecedents; assuredly of some criminals, as of some insane persons, it may truly be said that they are born and not made; they go criminal as the insane go mad, because they cannot help it; a stronger power than they can counteract has given the bias of their being." And if these be the utterances of men who have considered the subject from the standpoint of science and philosophy, what is likely to be the temper of ordinary people who catch up such phrases as "hereditary tendency,"

"cerebral affection," "evolution of conscience," and the like? The converts will always go further than the original teacher, more especially when conversion is not wholly unproductive of useful results. It is the holder of Church lands who inveighs against the rapacity of ecclesiastics, and there is no such strong incentive to a rapid change of policy as the conviction of its connection with office. Can it be affirmed that the firm belief in the theory of heredity to be found amongst many who only know Darwin by name and have heard that Mr. Herbert Spencer sometimes writes for the magazines, is not unconnected with a desire to escape the responsibility of their own particular indulgences?

But without attributing any interested views to this latest school of fatalists, we may at least be allowed to point out that to draw definite conclusions in individual cases is only possible when first principles are firmly established. Many links still require to be supplied in the chain of evidence upon which the theory of evolution depends. And although those competent to judge agree that qualities may in some sort be transmitted, the kind and amount of the inheritance is still a matter of controversy. While some would have us believe that we can hand on only what we have received, and others that every acquired quality, every chance modification must inevitably descend to our offspring, how can we suppose the mysterious problems of heredity to be a riddle which every child may solve? Surely it would not be strange if a century of patient scientific research were required before the mystery is made clear. And it is, therefore, hardly necessary to point out the rashness of those who are ready to sit down with folded hands in the belief that no effort of theirs can increase or diminish their inherited capital. Why need we believe that because the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, there is therefore no limit to the power which our ancestors wield over our fate? Such a conclusion could only be drawn by those imperfect logicians who reason that because every one inherits something, therefore everything is inherited. History may repeat itself as in the case of the man, who, when kicked by his son to the threshold of the house, remarked, "I knew you would stop here, because when I was your age I kicked my father to this very place;" but for our own part we should find it difficult to share in the certainty of this much-enduring father.

But an exaggerated belief in a problematical theory, such as that of hereditary transmission, is not the only cause of the decline of the belief in individual responsibility. This materialist age has in these latter days witnessed a marvellous recrudescence of superstition, often masquerading under the guise of scientific research. Our latest school of psychologists have been at much pains to show that the spiritual is but a function of the corporeal, mind but an aspect of matter. So we are left face to face with the further question, what then is matter? Of what is it composed, and with what powers is it endowed? We have long passed the time when it could be supposed to be a motionless, inert mass, a sort of blank resisting body; nor can we any longer be satisfied with the crude, ordinary conception of it as a something incapable of further analysis, or at any rate not needing to be expressed in any simpler terms. No; in an age which is nothing if not scientific, matter presents itself in the guise of atoms, centres of mysterious and incalculable forces, combining, dividing, and recombining, moving in infinite space, a very fairyland of science. Its properties are as occult and mysterious as those of which the old alchemists and magicians had dreamed. What are we to make of electricity, of animal-magnetism, of will-power, of Mesmerism? We know not as yet. And thus a sceptical and materialist age bids fair to become more credulous than the most superstitious believer in a spiritual world. Truly idealism is justified even of her mutinous children.

It is hardly necessary to give much time to the selection of instances of this widespread faith in the marvellous and the unseen. Mesmerism and hypnotism have long been fashionable amusements; they fill the pages of our most popular magazines. Doctors are finding it necessary to protest against the abuse of these valuable powers; and the ordinary world, failing to distinguish the true from the false, seems to fancy that the mind which can thus be controlled is at no time responsible for the volitions which it transforms into acts. As a single instance of this mixture of pseudo-science with the wildest absurdities, we will mention a novel which has achieved sufficient popularity to have run through many editions. The writer of "A Romance of two Worlds" is a woman and a young woman, but she professes to have made a discovery which will revolutionize Christianity and restore its lost faith to the earth. She finds that the uni-

verse is a great electric ring of which the Supreme Spirit is the centre, whilst every individual spirit is provided with a certain amount of electricity. "Internally this is the germ of a soul or spirit, and is placed there to be either cultivated or neglected as suits the will of man. . . . Each one of us walks the earth encompassed by an invisible electric ring—wide or narrow, according to our capabilities. Sometimes our rings meet and form one, as in the case of two absolutely sympathetic souls. . . . Sometimes they clash, and storm ensues, as when a strong antipathy between persons causes them almost to loathe each other's presence." Again: "No soul on the earth is complete alone. It is like half a flame that seeks the other half, and is dissatisfied and restless till it attains its object." This twin flame may be found on earth or it may be a spirit of the air; but pass under its influence we must, and not one of our actions is wholly our own. In accordance with this doctrine the heroine, a sensitive and impressionable woman, gifted apparently with a large stock of this soul-electricity, surrenders herself to the guidance of an angelic being called Azul, who leads her to her twin-soul. How these twin-souls are to make themselves known is not always very clear; their comings and goings are lost in such rapture and ecstasy. But so far as we can make out, an electric thrill felt in the small of the back has a great deal to do with it, and when the rejected suitor approaches the friend of the heroine, an electric current rushing through him strikes him senseless to the ground. True the author's language leaves us in some doubt as to whether our will is electricity or controls electricity; but as our spirit or self is apparently only a developed electric germ, we shall be forced to decide in favor of the former alternative. What then becomes of individual responsibility? Sometimes we are told indeed that this process of soul-cultivation is one which we may neglect, if we will. Yet again it depends for success upon the presence of beautiful objects—and we hear much of "fruits which gleamed amid clusters of glossy dark leaves," wines which were "a kind of nectar of the gods," "heavy regal folds parting in twain with noiseless regularity," and the like. The perfect life then can be possible only to the few. Most men must be content to be mere bodies; it is only the rich who can afford to have souls.

But probably by this time our readers are asking if it be necessary to take this

nonsense seriously. Certainly it would never have occurred to us to do so, were it not for the wonderful collection of letters which appears at the end of the latest edition. One correspondent writes to thank the authoress for her book, and adds: "I feel a better woman for the reading of it twice; and I know others, too, who are higher and better women for such noble thoughts and teaching. . . . People for the most part dream away their lives; one meets so few who really believe in electrical affinity." Another writes that the book "has filled me with envy and wonder"—and the last feeling is indeed not surprising. Again we hear that the result of reading it has been in another case, "a complete and happy change in my ideas of religion;" and when a clergyman writes that it has saved him from suicide, it is impossible to doubt the earnestness of the writer whatever we may think of his sanity. We hardly require further proof of the credulity of this generation, and we no longer wonder at the ease with which it accepts a doctrine depriving it of the power of controlling its actions. Mysticism and the belief in freedom which moral responsibility requires have ever had little in common. And if these latter days are to see the rise of an almost Oriental occultism, it is likely that they will see also such a surrender of individuality as may be seen in the philosophy of India.

And yet after all we are not without hope that a refutation of this doctrine may still be found, and that original sin may some day re-appear exactly where it seems to have been lost. Only let a man loose among a hundred mischievous schoolboys on a hot afternoon, and we doubt not that whatever may have been his educational theories he will come away sadder and wiser. There is nothing like personal contact for dispelling the mists of theory. For our own part we confess to a perhaps irrational conviction that there is some connection between originality and wickedness, and that to part with the second might mean the loss of the first. Rather than see the world thus reduced to a dead level of commonplace, we would ourselves set out to discover our lost original sin.

From Longman's Magazine.
DEW.

IF, on a summer evening, after the twilight's peaceful reign had succeeded the

sway of the brilliant sunshine, you asked one what was on your boots or trousers, as you sped through the glistening meadow, studded with its lowing kine, you would be told—the dew. If, on a bright morning, when all nature was awaking from her balmy night-rest, you inquired about the diamond drops that in millions sparkled on the mountain's brow, the uniform answer would be—the dew. And if, on a visit to the garden, you see, on the broccoli, large, clear drops, translucent with gold light; or to the field you see on the turnip-blades crystal drops all a-tremble with immaculate brilliancy, you would conclude that that is also—the dew.

Now, that is *not* dew at all. In all of these cases, where ninety-nine out of every hundred intelligent people would dogmatically assure you of the long cherished and undisputed opinion, the answers are wrong. Ruthless science has driven the sentiment out of the poetic mind; no longer now can one sing, with Ballantine, "Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew." Because the drop on the grass-blade is not dew at all. For centuries have the poets sung unchallenged of this morning dew and its unrivalled beauty. Merritt wrote of

Those verdant hills now bathed in morning-dews,
Whose every drop outvies Golconda's gem.

Andrew Marvel, too, was so enamored of the lucid tremblers on the grassy hillsides, that he cried in ecstasy:—

See how the orient dew
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new.

Shelley, the brilliant interpreter of nature's charms, often admired the glorious hues of the drops that hung glittering on the grass-blades and flower-petals; he writes of

a globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new
Some eyed flower, whose young leaves
waken
On an unimagined world.

Shakespeare, ever true to nature, ever faithful to the interpretation of all her beauty, charmingly wrote:—

I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

But, perhaps, above all, has Tennyson beautifully clothed these globules with poetic charm, when he thus wrote of two lovers:—

Nor stranger seem'd that hearts,
So gentle, so employ'd, should close in love,
Than when two dewdrops on the petal shake
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper
down,
And slip at once all-fragrant into one.

Yet that is not dew at all. The poetic imagery cannot, most fortunately, be roughly intruded upon, the charming drapery cannot be clownishly dragged down, but another name must take the place of dew, to be correct to the teachings of modern science. The fond delusion of the name must be dispelled. Yet, what's in a name? "The rose by any other name will smell as sweet;" so what is falsely called the dew will never lose its brilliant attractiveness.

If you look into the garden on a dewy night — for there *is* such a phenomenon as dew for all that — you will find, on careful observation, something that cannot be accounted for by the ordinary principles of radiation and condensation. Why are some plants moist, while others are dry? Glistening drops appear on the broccoli, but nothing is seen on the petals of the peas and beans. Some dwarf French poppies will be quite dry, while others beside them are dripping wet. Now, mark these plants, and examine them next day. You will find that those on which there was much moisture are in most vigorous growth, whereas the dry ones are sickly and wanting in strong vitality. Go once more on a dewy night, a little later, with a hand-lantern, and place this behind a broccoli-blade; you will find that the moisture is collected in little separate drops, only along the very edge of the leaf. Examine more closely, and you will discover that each sparkling drop has a definite relation to the structure of the leaf — it is placed at the extremity of a vein. The leaf-veins are the channels for conveying the moisture of the healthy plant to the edges; the drops are not dew at all, but are watery juices exuded by the vitality of the plant. Again, examine grass-blades, and you will find large drops near the tips of the blades, the rest of the blades being quite dry. The large drops seen on plants at night are falsely called dew; they are produced from the plants themselves, as tokens of their active and healthy growth.

Of course the fact of excretion of water by healthy, growing leaves has been long well known. Boussingault found that mint transpired freely in sunshine — constantly about a grain to the square inch, and half that quantity in the shade;

if, however, the roots of the mint were removed, they only transpired about one-fifth part. The root thus forces into the stem of the plant a supply of water, which is transpired by the leaves. And Dr. Wool's experiments on the same subject are most interesting and valuable. But the crowning merit is due to the most indefatigable and marvellous perseverance — amounting to genius — of Mr. John Aitken, F.R.S., of Falkirk. He has conclusively proved that what has been so long called dew is merely the exudation of the watery juices of the healthy vegetation. In the course of his painstaking investigation — only equalled by his devotion to science in the matter of dust and the counting of dust-particles, with which he is now occupied at Hyères — he selected a small turf, placed over it a glass receiver, and left it till drops were excreted. Removing the receiver, he selected a blade having a drop attached to it. He dried this blade and inserted its tip into a small glass receiver, so as to isolate it from the damp air of the larger receiver. The open end of the small receiver was closed by means of a very thin plate of metal cemented to it. In the centre of this plate was pierced a small opening, to admit the tip of the blade; but the opening was then carefully made airtight by means of an india-rubber solution. After a time, though this blade was thoroughly isolated, he saw that a drop was formed on the tip, of the same size as the drops formed on the blades under the large receiver. He, of course, was entitled to conclude that the drops on the outside blades as well as on the isolated blade were really exuded by the plant, and not extracted from the air.

Mr. Aitken next observed that these excreted drops are formed on grass on other than dewy nights. After rain, if there has been no wind, and the air near the ground is saturated, most of the blades were found to be tipped with a drop at the same point as the exuded drop appeared at night, a position which no falling rain-drop could keep. This experiment is so easily made by any one, that the interest and the information gained are ample reward for the little trouble taken in making it. This exemplary experimentalist thereafter set about measuring the pressure inside the plants, which forced the moisture into the drops, so long called "dew-drops." He cut off a blade of cauliflower, which was growing in a pot for convenient observation, and fastened on the open stem a pressure gauge, consisting of a tube of mercury. Over all a receiver was

placed to stop evaporation from the leaves. After a short time the mercury began to rise by the pressure of the sap from the roots of the stem; drops also began to show themselves on the edges of the leaves. He found the maximum root-pressure amounted to forty inches of mercury. And in further experiments on the cabbage he found this pressure rise to fifty-two inches of mercury or fifty-eight feet of water. This reveals an extraordinary reserve of energy as the root-pressure which forces the sap into the leaves of plants.

What immediately struck Mr. Aitken was the fact that the surface of the leaves of all the different kinds of plants which exuded drops never seemed wetted by rain. The glistening raindrop on the grass showed that the blades of that plant are not wetted by water, the glistening being due to the reflection from the inside of the drop, where it rests on the blade, but does not touch it. In all cases the raindrops slipped off their surface "like water off a duck's back." The plants that did not exude sap freely presented a different result. The rain on the potatoes and beans left a thin and even film on the surface of their leaves. The fact revealed itself that the exudation of a drop cancelled the attraction of water on the whole leaf; whereas if the leaf-surface got wetted with water, the exuded liquid crept outwards from the exuding pore, and wetted the leaf for some distance all around it. It is interesting to note the effects which he observed in the behavior of leaves towards their exuded sap and water. Two kinds of turnips afford a good illustration. The Swedish variety exude freely, the liquid which forms the little drops fringing the leaves; while the moisture exuded by the Yellows spreads itself over the leaves. One result of this is, that after dewy nights the softer varieties dry sooner than the Swedish, because the exuded moisture, by spreading itself over the surface of the leaves, dries up more quickly. Sportsmen who walk through turnips on an autumn morning will at once notice the difference in the wetting effects of the two varieties. Mr. Aitken has explained the reason of the difference.

What has been for centuries called dew is, therefore, not dew at all, but the watery juices of the healthy plants. But look over dead leaves and you see a fine pearly lustre — *that is dew*. Dead matter gets equally wet where equally exposed, and the moisture does not collect on it in regularly placed drops as it does on plants.

If radiation continues after the sap-drops have been forming for some time, the dew makes its appearance all over the surface. But true dew is of rarer occurrence than one would expect. On many nights on which grass gets wet, no true dew is deposited on it; and on all nights, when growth is healthy, the exuded drops always appear before the true dew. The difference between the true and false dew can be easily detected. The moisture exuded by the grass — false dew — is always isolated at points situated near the tips of the blades, forming drops of some size; whereas true dew collects evenly all over the blades. A glance discerns the pearly lustre of the dewy film from the glistening diamond drops of the healthy plant's juices.

But whence comes the dew? Observing men from the earliest ages have thought that the moon and stars had an important influence on it. Aristotle mentioned that dew appeared only in calm and serene nights, and considered that it was the humidity detached in minute globules from the chill and clear air. Pliny thought that dew fell from the heavens; others theorized about it being condensed into water by the cold, or that the moon's rays made the particles rush together. Yet acute observers saw that the dew-clad grass was chillier than the air above. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Nardius, of Florence, defined dew as an exhalation from the earth. Boyle detected that the dew on glass was formed by the precipitation of the vapor of the air upon a colder body. In 1733, Gersten assumed the authorship of the theory hinted at by Nardius, that dew rose from the ground. But it was left to Dr. Wells to converge all the rays of scientific light upon the subject, and express in a clear and unambiguous manner the theory which, until about four years ago, has been in its entirety adopted by scientific men. According to Wells, dew was condensed out of the air near the surface of the earth. His famous work, the "Essay on Dew," was published in 1814; and of it Sir John Herschell says, "It is one of the most beautiful specimens we can call to mind of inductive experimental inquiry lying within moderate compass." The great advance accomplished by Dr. Wells was to show that the amount of dew on any night or on any body depended on its powers of radiating heat at the time; that the more a body was cooled by radiation, the more dew it collected; that, in fact, dew was simply a case of condensation of the vapor in the

atmosphere; and that, therefore, a body before it got dewed was cooled by radiation to a temperature below the dew-point at the place. But there was one thing wanting, that which he spoke of at times very indefinitely, the decided recognition of the dew which rose from the ground. This development was left to another man, an equally distinguished observer, a practical physicist, of whom Scotland has good reason to be proud.

Mr. Aitken challenged Dr. Wells's conclusions as to the source of the vapor that condenses on the radiating surfaces in the formation of dew. He conducted his experiments with rare perseverance and honorable care; he carried on his observations with exemplary zeal and well-merited success; and the highest scientific authorities at home and abroad now admit the accuracy of his conclusions. What first caused him to doubt Dr. Wells's theory that dew is formed of vapor existing at the time in the air, and to suppose that dew is formed of vapor rising from the ground, was the result of some observations made in summer on the temperature of the soil at a small depth under the surface, and of the air over it, after sunset. He was struck with the unvarying fact that the ground, a little below the surface, was warmer than the air over it. So long, then, as the surface of the ground is above the dew-point, vapor must rise and pass from the ground into the air; the moist air so formed will mingle with the air above it, and its moisture will be condensed, forming dew wherever it comes in contact with a surface cooled below the dew-point.

In order to test his hypothesis, Mr. Aitken placed over the grass shallow boxes or trays, made of tinplate and painted. These trays were three inches deep, and more than a foot square in area; after sunset they were placed in an inverted position over the grass to be tested. The experiments were made in August and September, when the ground was very dry. At eleven o'clock at night he examined the trays, and found that there was always more moisture on the grass *inside* the trays than outside, that there was always a deposit of dew inside the trays, and that there was often a deposit outside the trays; but the deposit outside was always less than on the inside, and sometimes there was no deposit outside when there was one inside. These facts evidently prove that far more vapor rises out of the ground during the night than condenses as dew on

the grass. These trays very closely represent the natural conditions; for if we examine plants with large blades, we shall often find on dewy nights that those leaves which are close to the ground have their *under* surface heavily dewed, while their upper surfaces are dry. We observed this very particularly during last winter in the case of hoar-frost, which is just "frozen dew." We examined a considerable number of broad leaves which were close on the ground, and found the under surface glistening with hoar-frost, while the upper surface was dry.

Another method then suggested itself to Mr. Aitken in order to strengthen his conclusions. He considered that if vapor continues to rise from the ground during dewy nights, as well as during the day, the ground giving off vapor must lose weight. Accordingly he weighed a small area of the surface of the ground, before and after dew had formed, and found that, during the formation of the dew, vapor had escaped from the ground, because it had lost weight. He made this set of experiments: He prepared a shallow pan six inches square and a quarter inch deep, and placed in it a slightly smaller piece of turf, which he cut out of the lawn. The pan and the turf were then carefully weighed in an open shed with a balance sensitive enough to turn with one quarter grain. The turf was cut at sunset, when dew was forming. After being weighed, the pan and turf were placed in the open cut in the lawn, where the turf had been cut out. They were left from 5.15 P.M. to 10.15 P.M. on October 7, and then weighed, when it was found that the loss of moisture was twenty-four grains out of thirty-five hundred grains. Numerous experiments were made with similar results. This decisive test showed clearly that the soil loses weight, and that vapor really rises from the ground even while dew is forming; therefore, the dew then found on the grass must have been formed out of the vapor rising from the ground at the time. The dew on the grass was, in fact, formed by the cold grass trapping the vapor as it rose from the ground, the blades acting as a kind of condenser.

Mr. Aitken next set about making parallel experiments on the bare soil, and was successful in finding similar results. Besides, the inverted trays placed over the soil always showed a greater amount of condensed vapor inside them than those over grass. In the weighing experiments, too, the soil lost moisture during the interval of dew forming. We have frequently

noticed in the case of hoar-frost that, on lifting small clods on the surface of the ground, the under surfaces and sides, when close to each other, would be white with the rime; while the upper surfaces exposed to the passing air had very little deposited on them. In this case the vapor rising from the hot soil underneath got trapped in its passage through the cold clods.

Strange, too, dew forms on roads in great abundance on dewy nights. It may not be seen on the upper surfaces of stones, as these are good conductors of heat, but on the under sides. If a gravel walk be examined on a dewy evening, the under sides of the stones, especially when near the solid ground, will be found to be dripping wet. Mr. Aitken suggests a simple way of studying the formation of dew on roads. Take two slates and place one of them on the gravel and one on a hard part of the road. If these slates are examined on a dewy night, their under sides will be found to be dripping wet, though their upper surfaces and the road all around them are quite dry. This experiment also shows that vapor does rise from hard, dry-looking roads on dewy nights.

Mr. Aitken has received some corroborative information from travellers who have been in Australia and parts of South Africa, where rain does not fall for months at a time. They state that they often found the under side of their waterproof bedding placed on the ground to be wet, after camping out at night. That shows that even in these dry countries vapor rises from the ground at night. We also observe, in a letter from Lieut.-Colonel Fraser, residing in India, that, after he had thrown out a large quantity of iron hoes and picks without handles on the hard, dry ground, he saw in a couple of months, a thick, weedy, but luxuriant, vegetation which almost hid the tools. We remember, when walking about in the vicinity of Hexam with an acute observer, trained to farming, that, on our remarking that the farmers might to their profit remove the extraordinary quantity of small stones from the fields, in order to give more room for the growth of the grain, he shrewdly remarked: "These stones collect moisture from the ground; the soil is thin, with a gravelly subsoil, and unless the maximum amount of moisture is collected (which can only be done by allowing these stones to remain), there would be a very deficient crop. They must not then be removed."

Dew then rises from the ground. Then how is dew formed on bodies high up in the air? If dew comes out of the ground, should it not be found only on bodies exposed to the earth? Now dew does not rise in particles, as it was once considered to fall in particles like fine rain. It rises as vapor; some is caught by what is on the surface of the earth, but the rest ascends in vapor-form until it comes in contact with a sufficiently cold surface to condense it into moisture. The vapor does not flow upwards in a uniform stream, but is mixed with the air by eddies and wind currents, and carried to bodies far from where it rose. In fact, dew may be deposited even though the country for many miles all around is dry and incapable of yielding any vapor. In such a case the supply of vapor to form that dew would depend on the evaporation of the dew, and on what was wafted over by the winds.

These two facts, then, have now been established: that what was long considered to be dew is merely the exudation of vigorous plants, and that true dew rises from the ground. Brilliant globules are produced by the vital action of the plant—the liquid being the *elixir vite* of vegetation—showing life in one of the most charming forms in the phenomena of nature, especially when the deep-red setting sun makes them glisten all a-tremble with gold light; while an infinite number of minute but glistening particles of moisture bedeck the blade-surfaces in the form of gentle dew, which has risen in water-vapor from the warm bosom of Mother Earth, to refresh the thirsty plants and diffuse fragrance all around.

J. G. MCPHERSON.

From Chambers' Journal.

A YARN SPUN IN MANITOBA.

YOU say you would like to know what our life in Manitoba really is like. The best I can do is to send you my diary in the shape of a story. As I did not keep one until Seymour joined me, I cannot give you my first year out here, alone under a tent spread over a barrel; or in the winter, alone in my shanty, which was so cold, that my beef, six feet from the stove, never thawed out till the spring. It was mostly misery, though I didn't know it at the time; any way, I don't look back on it with pleasure.

It must be nearly seven A.M. But this is a Monday morning in October (1888), and my week for ploughing was out yesterday. Not that we plough on Sunday, but the one of us whose week it is, is responsible for the bulls Moses and Aaron, and for their Sunday capers. Last week I had to get breakfast and then work the bulls; while Seymour did the "chores" (that is, milk the cows, feed the pigs, etc.), cooked, and did odd jobs. To-day puts us the other way on. I said to myself: "It feels cold; I won't get up first to-day. I got up first last week and had the fire lit before Seymour stirred. I believe he is shamming to be asleep, and waiting for me. He can wait. I'll have another snooze;" and I turned over to carry out my resolve, when a shower of earth from the unfinished door-frame made me roll back. A hen was looking inquiringly in through the gap, and seeing everything quiet, came fluttering down. I have a prophetic feeling she will land on the grub table, which she does with a little nervous cackle.

Perhaps before going any further I had better give you a notion of our house. It is what is known as a "dug-out." Outside, it looks like a huge grave-mound, with a window at either end, and a ditch running up to a door in the side. On a dark night in winter you might walk over the top of it, imagining it to be a drift. But "come right in," as the Kanucks have it, and you will find two sheetless beds, on bedsteads made of poles, with string stretched across them, two tables, three chairs, some rough shelves, a gun-rack, a stove in the middle of the room, and boxes under the beds to act as wardrobes. So much for our furniture.

The floor and the walls for four feet are of mother earth; then comes logs with mud-plaster between. A post, supporting the ridge-pole, bristles with nails, from which hang frying-pans, clothes, a looking-glass, etc.

To return to our hen amongst the victuals. She has already put the teapot and a tin cup on the floor; and after craning her neck over the edge and looking sideways down at them, she looks around for a safe place to put her egg. The open flour sack seems to have attractions, but the cat is wandering round the bottom of it. She turns her head; Seymour's bed catches her eye; just by his side there is a hole in the mattress. With another nervous cackle and flutter, which reminds me of an old country woman crossing a street in front of a cab, she alights on

Seymour's bed. I feel convinced, if he was asleep before, he must be awake now; yet he does not offer to get up. I dozed again, when her rejoicings over the egg awoke me. She has laid it by his side and is pacing his body, in time to her shrieks. He wakes with a start; the egg is no longer of the shape over which a hen would like to brood. She is fluttering against the pane; a cowhide boot is humming through the air; it hits her and carries her through the pane; and now she is on the roof expressing her indignation — while Seymour is expressing his in shocking language below.

We both feel cross as we dress, for it is late and cold, and the wind is blowing through the broken pane. Seymour with chattering teeth shoves a sack in the hole and starts to light the fire; while I go out to milk and do the chores, which done, I come in with a good appetite.

Seymour places in silence a bowl of hot bread and milk on the table. My appetite goes. Bread and milk is very nice; but when you have had it and nothing else from Thursday's dinner to Sunday's supper, it gets monotonous; and this being Monday morning, I had expected duck, as on Sundays we go out to fill the larder, and yesterday we brought in six. I mention duck to Seymour. He only says: "There was no time to cook one."

Well, it is all there is. I swallow it and load up my pipe; it has often before now helped to make a satisfactory meal of a poor one, as, when under a tent, it was often the only part of my meal that had seen the fire.

I wash the dishes and start for a new dug-out I am making for the calves. By 11 A.M. my opinion is, "Bread and milk is poor stuff to dig on; I'll go and get dinner."

As I got out of the pit, I noticed a prairie fire, or rather the smoke of it; the wind seemed blowing it our way too. I considered: "Had we better go and plough some more furrows at the southern fire-guard, or have dinner?" My stomach distinctly said: "Blow the furrows; let's have some duck."

I didn't waste much time over the ducks. Having made a roaring fire, I singed off all the feathers of two, except for a little stubble in islands here and there. I put them to roast, and potatoes and turnips to boil, waited for Seymour, who, when he came, good-naturedly overlooked the stubble on the duck and the bone in the potato. We hold a council of war, in which it is decided that the occa

sion admits of a pipe after dinner; as the wind is so light, there's lots of time.

As we go down, we see the first tongue of fire, running as fast as a horse could trot, north-east; but it is two miles to the west of us. We begin burning small patches on the south of the guard, keeping it under with bag and broom. This lasts until sunset, when we see the fire, half a mile off, coming for us from behind a bend in the creek. We go to meet it, as the more of it we can put out, the more feed for the cattle next year. Neighbor Benton having put out his share of fire round his farm, and seen it safely past him, has come with his three sons to our aid, and by midnight all danger is past.

This is Friday; we have to go to Brant, our town, some seven miles off, to get a plough-point. I want some warm felt boots; we both want powder and shot. We strike a bee-line for Brant. I buy my boots; my feet aren't small, and in felts you have to take a size and a half larger than in ordinary boots, which brings me to elezens, as they have not any half sizes. Seymour grins as he sees me mount for going home. I try to pay no attention; but as we pass the hotel loungers, some wag calls out: "Come out of them boots! Come out! No use saying you aren't there; I can see your arms hanging out!"—which raises a laugh, in which Seymour joins.

"Well, small things please little minds," I console myself with replying; but I wish I had held my tongue, for a grim old-timer, who had been silently watching us, exclaims: "True, true, sonny, and big things please big minds; there's nought mean or little about them boots."

We don't get home till sunset. Going to Brant always wastes a day. Our mail is generally brought up for us by one or other of our neighbors once a fortnight. We had a budget to-day for Ward, a neighbor of ours, which we delivered on our way home, taking tea there.

Ward is a married man with five children, who is always advising me to marry. "Why, you have two cows, two ponies, five pigs, some poultry, etc. If I were in your place, I would not be unmarried twenty-four hours."

So far, I have failed to see why the possession of so much stock should necessitate a wife; besides, Seymour owns half of everything; and even if I were alone, she would want a house, and sheets perhaps, and no more expeditions on Sunday; and possibly the pipe would be tabooed in the house, and — But I quail at the

very thought of even these "ands," and I can see still more, and fancy further.

Saturday.—The bulls all this forenoon went "shocking;" Moses, the nigh ox, crowding Aaron out of the furrow. I think I have an idea which will make them walk in the way they should go. Some nails driven through a board, so as to leave the eighth of an inch sticking through, I hang over Aaron's side, the points towards Moses. I suppose the Society of Cruelty to Animals might object; I only wish they were doomed to plough an acre a day with Moses and Aaron. We start. All goes well for quarter of an hour; then Moses takes a lean-up against Aaron. He is electrified—he is the boss of the two—he stops short, and looks at Aaron, who at once takes advantage of the halt to pass up a cud to chew. Innocence is written in his every feature, as, with half-closed eyes and nose in air, he enjoys this delicious cud. Even Moses is satisfied, for without a word from me he begins his crawl once more. We are nearing the end of the furrow, when he again reclines against Aaron; this time he doesn't stop to consider a moment, his right hind leg is brought up to his ear, and he deals Aaron, who has been hanging back, a kick in the snout; and here things get a little mixed. Aaron recoils to curl his nose in the air and snort through it, as it hurt; but Moses turns on him with his horns, and chases him round the plough, giving him a dig at every chance, at which poor Aaron begins to bawl. They have twice described a circle round the plough, and now are happy; the nigh ox on the off-side, the chains twisted, their heads where their tails ought to be, facing the plough, which is a rod from the furrow; and they gaze at me with half-closed eyes, as they chew the cud of contentment.

I don't attempt to reproach them; I feel too utterly squashed. I can unharness and harness them again in five minutes; but it takes me a quarter of an hour to get them going again. And till Seymour's welcome signal to unhitch, as it's time to start on a duck-hunting expedition, I am pulling at Moses's line and howling "Haw" in every inflection of tone of command and entreaty that my voice is capable of.

I unhitch, and find Dave Benton and Rule at the house. Dave has brought over lots of delicacies, jam, pies, cakes, etc. We take a frying-pan, eggs and bread, butter and salt, also some wood, as where we are going there is no fuel, which accounts for the tameness of the ducks,

as the Indians for that reason never camp there.

It is bright moonlight, and we are having a pipe over a cheerful fire after a good fill, when the dogs begin to raise Cain over something in the long slough-grass. Dave, the only one who has his gun handy, rushes over, and soon fires. There's a cry, and something springs at him. He is a very cool fellow is Dave; he gives a vigorous lunge with his gun-barrels, which makes it swerve a little to one side, and the claws that were meant for his face only tear his coat collar as the brute falls; and he gives it a second barrel, which finishes it. We are with him by this time, and find it to be a full-grown lynx, which is brought to the camp-fire and skinned, while we congratulate Dave, and eagerly clutch at the guns at every noise. At last we turn in, and go to sleep to be wakened at dawn by Rule, who pulls our blankets off, which causes some language; but soon a hot breakfast and pipe sets us in good humor. Thanks to him, we'll catch the ducks at breakfast some five miles off. On our way we pass a clump of willows; something springs up, and Rule, whose turn it is now, fires both barrels in quick succession, and rolls over a jumping deer, which, after we have dressed it, must weigh about a hundred pounds. It is close season now; until November there is a fine for shooting them; but that wasn't thought of in the excitement of the moment, so we impress on each other to keep it "mum."

The lakes at last; the largest covers some ten acres. The ponies are picketed, and we start for the bulrushes which grow all round the edge. Seymour and Dave on the east and south sides begin the butchery, driving them up to Rule and me on the north and west. They are so tame, they don't fly, but just paddle from one of us to the other. I am the worst shot, but have got five duck. It is getting on in the afternoon. Dave and Rule come to me weighed down with some twenty ducks apiece. Dave proposes to start home; we have twenty miles of strange prairie between us and civilization.

The sun is set. We have duck-soup for supper, which takes our last stick. Our clothes are wet, and the night is cold. They take off their clothes; I, thinking of the morrow, leave mine on, and after some shivering, go to sleep. Morning, I watch them insinuating shivering legs down clammy breeches, and hug myself for my forethought, being comparatively warm. We reach home about twelve, and all have

dinner at the Bentons'. After dinner, the ducks are spread on the bare floor to divide up; in all, eighty-one ducks and three geese. We divide evenly, Seymour and I counting as one. We can't eat all our share before it will go bad, so Ward and other neighbors come in for some.

It is December; our diet changes to jack and bush rabbit, and prairie-chicken, which they say is a grouse.

Seymour has been visiting the Rules a good deal lately. Colonel Rule is a retired Indian officer, younger son of some earl, I think; he doesn't like the Canadians, nor they him. Bob Miller annoyed him very much the other day. Observing the colonel's crest on his carriage, he said, thinking to flatter: "That's a fine pictur' on yer buggy, kurnel! A man I worked for at the Portage, he had a fine one, too, on his grocery wagon what he peddled with. I've heard they have queer animals in India; is that a pictur' of one?" The "pictur'" in question was some heraldic monster that might have been a cross between a dragon and a nightmare.

Christmas day, nine A.M., clear and fine. Ten A.M., the blizzard. We were to have gone to Rule's for the day; but it is impossible. Benton also invited us, but Seymour said he would go to Rule's, and I might go to Benton's. Rule has a pretty daughter, called Enid, with rather an uncommon style of face and coloring. She is dark, black hair, violet eyes, straight nose, and pointed chin; her eyebrows are straight and thin, and her cheeks have a healthy flush of red showing through the clear, dark skin. She is about nineteen.

The stable is only forty yards from the house, but I can't see it for snow-dust. You can't call it snow; it is as fine as table-salt, and as hard as ice. The wind is blowing a gale; it has blown the heavy wagon-box off the sleighs. I take a piece of string in my hand, the end of a ball which I leave with Seymour, and grope my way to the stable. Although every bit of me is covered except the eyes, and I breathe through a woollen scarf twice round my face, the wind takes my breath away, and confuses me as much as if it were wood smoke. My eyelashes keep freezing together, the upper against the lower, and I have to keep rubbing them.

I have twice to come back to the door and start afresh. When I get into the dug-out, I jerk the string twice; and Seymour follows up the string, and we feed the cattle together out of a supply we keep inside against such days — watering isn't thought of.

Eight P.M., bright moonlight; fine, but bitterly cold. There's not a breath of wind. I look out of the door for a few seconds, and feel a bee-like sting on the cheek that shows Jack Frost is busy. I rub it with snow, and am just shutting the door when I see something dark on the snow of the prairie—a wolf, I think. Seymour gets his rifle, and we put on cap, scarf, and mitts, and go out. Seymour takes a shot, and hits the snow some three feet to one side, and puts in another cartridge, when we see with horror the supposed wolf lift up an arm, and the frozen face of a man shines white in the moonlight. He is crawling on all-fours in the snow. We rush to him, and between us, with considerable exertion, get him in to the dug-out; not by the stove, but close to the door, which is left ajar, so that he shan't thaw too rapidly. It is Colonel Rule! Seymour rushes down to the well with two pails for water, while I slit open sleeves, boots, socks, etc., with a knife. Having poured the water into a tub, Seymour throws in some snow; to thaw a frozen member too quickly means mortification of that member. The well water, being from a spring, though feeling ice-cold in summer, in winter steams in the open air like hot water. We bathe his face, hands, and feet, which are all frozen, and are glad to find, that though the frost has spread all over his face, it has not struck deep. His hands are the worst; they keep freezing the water in contact with them, and we have to keep peeling a crust of ice from off them. At last they cease to form the crust, and gradually get a slight, very slight tint in them. Then the door is shut, and we lay him on a bed. It is awful agony, the thawing out a badly frozen member; but he hasn't even groaned; he whispers something to Seymour, who bends down to listen. Seymour, as soon as he hears it, pulls on his mitts and gets down his snow-shoes, and hurries out, saying, as he snatches up a buffalo coat: "Enid is in Jackson's cellar!" I stop him, telling him to take some grub with him, and an axe to make a fire with; and I give him a chunk of frozen milk, and a saucpan to warm it in. He takes them, and is gone.

Colonel Rule is in a faint. We have a bottle of whiskey in the house; he has had about a tablespoonful, and I give him more. After an hour he is able to sit in a chair and smoke a pipe. Possibly a doctor might object; I don't; and though talking is an exertion to him, I gather that he, with Enid, started for a service at

nine A.M., held at a neighbor's west of us; that the storm caught them as they were passing, a mile from Jackson's deserted house. He led the pony into the house, and they went into the cellar. At about sunset, when the wind went down slightly, seeing Enid was shivering with cold, though she declared she was warm, he thought he would strike for a man who lived two miles off, and bring back some food and matches for Enid. He soon lost his way; and at last merely went on walking to keep warm. The snow took him up to the calves of the legs, which made walking very hard, so that at last, when the wind did go down, and he saw our lumber shanty in the moonlight, his strength failed him. He began to crawl, throwing off his scarf, on account of the ends getting under his knees; and his face without the scarf got frozen. He saw me open the door just as he was getting sleepy, and tried to call, but couldn't make more than a groan. When Seymour fired, he raised his hand as a last effort, and knew no more till he found himself in here.

After a while, I see him to bed; and taking some more things, think I will go to Seymour's help; but as I get outside, I meet Seymour on his snow-shoes, carrying Enid on his shoulder. He has carried her the last half mile; Jackson's is a mile and a half away. Enid at once cries out to me: "How is my father?" Being told well and sound asleep, she runs into the house to the bed and kisses him gently, for fear of waking him. Seymour and I sit a short while in the house; and Seymour tells me in an undertone how he found Enid in the cellar, nearly faint, but unfrozen. He made a fire, and warmed the milk, which, with some bread, set her to rights. Here Enid interrupts, to thank me for thinking of the food; Seymour told her he had nearly come without it.

Enid had insisted on starting there and then to see her father. She put on Seymour's snow-shoes, and got tired out with the new exercise at the end of a mile; and then Seymour put on his snow-shoes again and carried her.

We say good-night to her, and make a straw bed in the stable. The next morning, Colonel Rule, after a hearty breakfast, went to sleep; he is all right except one finger; that pains him rather, and a weakness, which will go away with rest. It is pleasant having a woman at the breakfast table, especially if she is nineteen and good-looking.

I leave to go to Rule's son to tell him of his father and sister. Hearing they

are safe, Rule says he will wait till after dinner to bring them home. We had an after-dinner pipe, and then started in a jumper with two ponies. The snow is too deep for good sleighing; the ponies can only trot here and there. At last we reach home, very cold. We put the ponies in the calf-stable and come in.

As I enter, I see a grin on Rule's face, and the bearing of Seymour and Enid fills me with alarm. Colonel Rule is smoking his pipe very contentedly, pretending to read an old dictionary, really watching Enid and Seymour. Well, here's a go! My suspicions are true; there's to be a marriage, and I am to live alone in this hole. It's too bad of Seymour! I am also to come to the marriage. I am afraid my face falls, for Enid kindly says: "Oh, it won't be a swell affair at all.

Father will lend you a collar, and your Sunday clothes are good enough." I thank her for the collar. I did have twelve when I landed in this country; but I have never put on one since I left Winnipeg, and I don't know where they are.

And now I have told you enough to give you some idea of the life of the Erics and Oscars. Isn't it Carlyle who asks for them to come out here with steam-ploughs, etc.? We all imagine we are Erics and Oscars; but we don't run to steam-ploughs and etceteras. It is bulls and Shaganapie ponies we patronize, and many of us get very sick of them, and hanker for something more exciting, and fancy the original Erics and Oscars had a bully time of it. I confess I have these fits at times; but I generally blame Seymour's pancakes for them.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE IN THE LAST CENTURY.—The following anecdote gives an interesting insight into the prejudices common among certain people in America in connection with the Sunday question many years ago. The story is told as follows in the *Universal Magazine* for 1775: "Some years ago a commander of one of his Majesty's ships of war stationed at Boston, America, had orders to cruise from time to time, in order to protect our trade and distress the enemy. It happened, unluckily, that he returned from one of his cruises on a Sunday, and as he had left his lady at Boston, the moment she heard of the ship's arrival she hastened down to the water's side in order to receive him. The captain, on landing, embraced her with tenderness and affection. This, as there were many spectators by, gave great offence, and was considered as an act of indecency and a flagrant profanation of the Sabbath. The next day, therefore, he was summoned before the magistrates, who with many severe rebukes and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped. The captain stifled his indignation and resentment as much as possible, and as the punishment, from the frequency of it, was not attended with any great degree of ignominy or disgrace, he mixed with the best company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends. At length his time at the station expired, and he was recalled. He went, therefore, with seem-

ing concern to take leave of his worthy friends, and that they might spend one happy day together before their final separation, he invited the principal magistrates and select men to dine with him on board his ship upon the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and convivial than the entertainment which he gave them. At length the fatal moment arrived that was to separate them; the anchor was apeak, the sails were unfurled, and nothing more was wanting but the signal to get under way. The captain, after taking an affectionate leave of his worthy friends, accompanied them upon deck, where the boatswain and crew were in readiness to receive them. He there thanked them afresh for the civilities they had shown him, of which he said he should retain an eternal remembrance, and to which he wished it had been in his power to have made a more adequate return. One point of civility only remained to be adjusted between them, which as it was in his power, so he meant most justly to recompense them. He then reminded them of what had passed, and ordering the crew to pinion them, had them brought one by one to the gangway, where the boatswain, with a cat-o'-nine-tails, laid on the back of each forty stripes save one. They were then, amid the shouts and acclamations of the crew, shoved into their boats, and the captain immediately getting under way, they sailed for England."

